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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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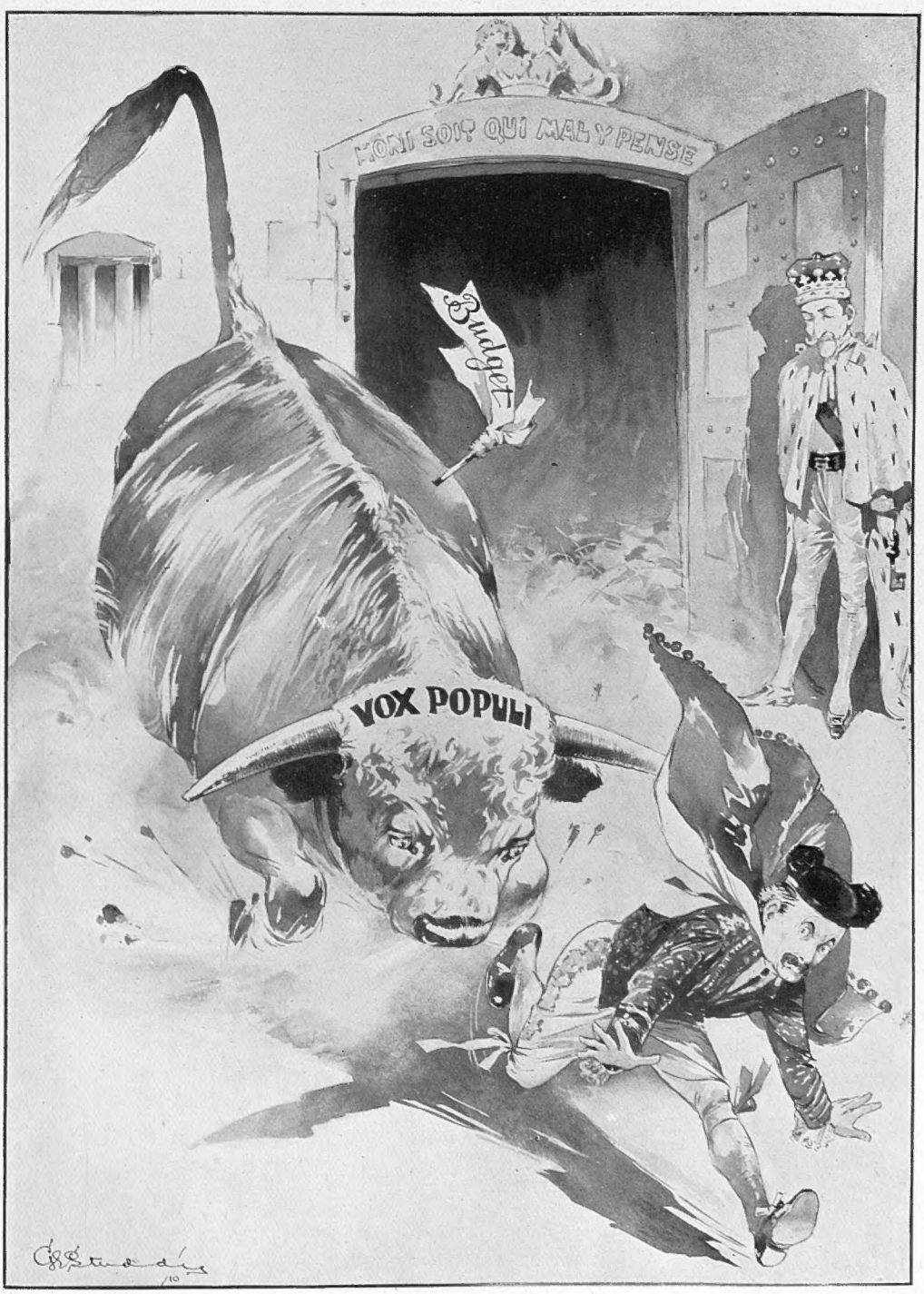


THE GENERAL ELECTION OPENS

A Proclamation

(Which, We have Reason to Believe, is in Preparation in View of a Possible Liberal Victory at the Polls)

We, David Lloyd George,

Dictator-General of the British Isles and First Consul of the Principality of Wales, with or without the consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and irrespective of the House of Commons, the knights, burgesses, ratepayers, bankrupts, suffragettes and unemployed mechanics of Great Britain, do herewith, hereby, and here-only make proclamation and declare:

That England, Ireland and Scotland do degrade and descend to the rank of second-class shires, and are hereafter to be in absolute subserbience to Wales.

That our right trusty and well-beloved counsellor, Winston Churchill, be instantly raised to the supreme and illustrious degree of Arch-Druid, to be received with the rendering of the "March of the Men of Harlech," and a salute of twenty-one champagne corks.

That the names of the chief towns of the abovementioned subsidiary districts be hereafter given a Welsh form, thus: Llondon, Ddubblyn, Eddwnburrgh, Llan-Glasgoww, Aber-Pyrrmyngham. The names of Members of Parliament and others being similarly altered, thus: Ap-Balfour, Jones-Wlynddham, Ap-Chamburrlayn, Chapp-lynn, &c. &c.

That the convocation of our right entirely untrustworthy and ill-beloved House of Lords be hereby dissolved, disestablished, removed and abolished, and all peers and other malcontents declared outlaws and banished from Great Britain and their estates (such as at present remain) confiscated.

That the British Museum be transferred to Carnarvon, and Covent Garden Opera to Llandudno and re-named the Eisteddfod.

That English persons and other bagrants desiring to settle in Wales will be compelled to furnish references to Baptist Ministers, satisfy the authorities that they are free from disease, and be liable to be deported if illiterate or undesirable, the word of any two Welshmen being sufficient to secure a conviction. Appeals allowed, on questions of fact only, to our trusty and welsh-belobed cousin, Ure, Lord Advocate for Scotland.

That poaching be hereby legalised; this provision to be and is retrospective.

That persons of the names of Jones, Owen, Apjohn and Thomas all ober Great Britain be exempt from paying taxes and serbing on juries, habe the privilege of franking letters and pay half fares on railways.

That the words "Welsher" and "Welsh rabbit" do be excised from all dictionaries published after 1910, under a penalty of two years' hard labour. The terms "whateffer" and "wass be" to be used somehow and somewhere in all public orations and leading articles.

That Welsh drapers for the future do rank in the table of precedence immediately after solicitors' eldest sons, and therefore before Privy Councillors.

That workmen in Wales be limited to four hours' labour per diem, with a minimum wage of five pounds a week. Persons giving reasonable evidence that they are ober fifty being granted old age pensions (with special remainder after they are dead), irrevocable under any future Conservative government.

That all Cabinet Ministers, Judges of the High Court, County Council officials and Governors-General do hereafter report direct to us, LLOYD GEORGE, and all dismissals take effect under our sign manual alone without appeal.

Wherefore at your peril, &c.

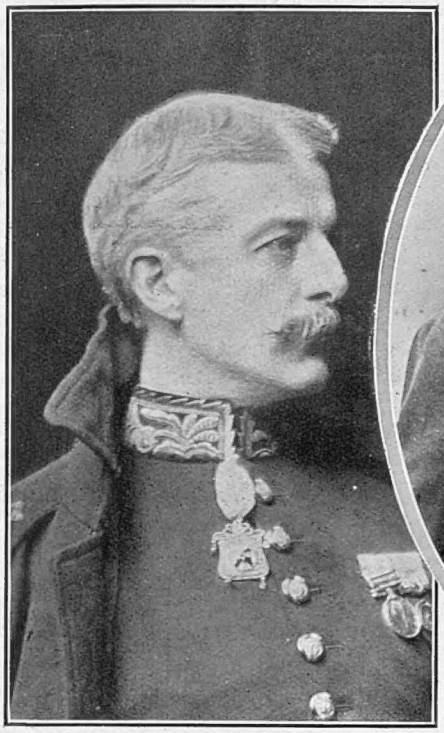
Given under our hand this day, in the first year of our Dictatorship, at our city of Carnarvon, 1910.

(Signed) Lloyd.

(Countersigned) Winston.

The Nucleus of a New Cabinet

UNIONIST LEADERS ALREADY RETURNED TO PARLIAMENT



The Rt. Hon. George Wyndham, M.P.
To whom Dover proved as loyal as ever

The Rt. Hon.
Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.
First Member returned to the Parliament of 1910, in which, it is rumoured, he may take his seat

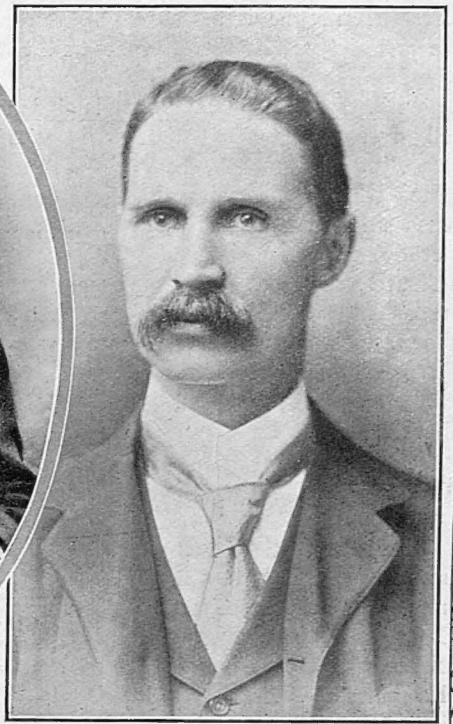


Photo *Stuart*
Mr. A. Bonar Law, M.P.
Who held Dulwich for Tariff Reform by a splendid majority

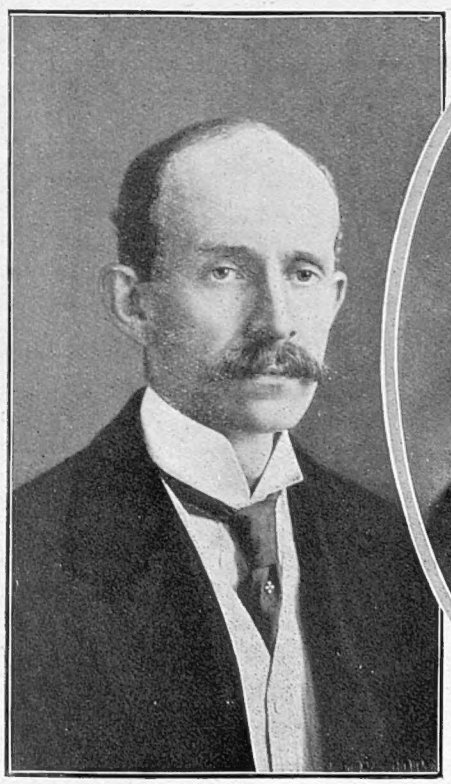


Photo *Elliott and Fry*
Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P.
Returned unopposed for Oxford University

Photo *Elliott and Fry*
The Rt. Hon.
A. J. Balfour, M.P.
Senior Member for the City of London

Photo *Lafayette*
The Rt. Hon. Walter Long, M.P.
Easily victorious in the Strand Constituency

THE BYSTANDER AT THE BALLOT BOX

THE ONE QUESTION WHICH WILL INFLUENCE HIS VOTE

THE BYSTANDER stands aside from party politics. But he is no end of a Briton. And it is because he is a Briton that, at this election, he would vote, if the Poll he had to go to were the North one.

With the party dust that is being kicked up all over the country, though it gets badly into his eyes and mouth, he has no special concern. Each side is doing its share of the kicking, and each side has, no doubt, its own particular reason or doing it.

But there is one question on which THE BYSTANDER throws aside his neutrality and enters the fray like an unchained bull, and that is

BRITAIN STRONG OR BRITAIN WEAK?

From his little corner somewhere up above the map of Europe, THE BYSTANDER sees always before him the fact that his native land is an island. All round his coasts he sees thousands of fine ships, presumably ready for its defence. A little to the right of him his eye is attracted by another spectacle—a cluster of ships as strong and nearly as numerous as his own, not scattered over two thousand miles of coast-line, but concentrated in two or three waters. Behind these ships he sees what he does not see in his own island—millions and millions of grey military coats and gilt helmets, and the same number of ready rifles, all directed personally by one strong, capable leader.

He casts his eye over the scene, and he thinks that, perhaps, the Englishman *could*, if put to it, hold his own. But he only *thinks*. He would not put one penny of his hard-earned takings on the certainty.

THE BYSTANDER is not convinced that what is being done by those he helped last time to place in power *is* increasing or even maintaining the naval strength of Great Britain. And he fails to see any increase in the number of red coats to cope with a possible invasion by the millions of grey ones.

He demands to know of those in power what they are doing to secure his safety. So he goes down to Whitehall and asks. A smooth-faced lawyer comes out and says, "Sleep quietly in yo r bed." Not satisfied, he asks for more assurances. Out comes another smooth-faced lawyer, who says, "Sleep more quietly in your bed." Again he is not satisfied, and calls for further facts. A smoother-faced lawyer next comes out, and, in a mellifluous voice, says, "Sleep all day and all night, and go on sleeping. I, who speak German better than a native, tell you positively there is *no* danger."

Growing desperate, he now shouts his demand for satisfaction as to the proposals of the British Government for placing in safety from attack the people of the British Isles.

A window is opened, and a lawyer with the smoothest face he has ever seen in the whole course of his life throws down upon him blue-books, and blue-books, and blue-books, papers, pamphlets, files. Simultaneously there comes a voice from the area below, the shrill, piping voice of another lawyer, not smooth-faced at all this time, who cries, "*Blackmailer, bloodsucker, tyrant, muddler, mongrel, Philistine, spaniel!*"

Completely silenced, THE BYSTANDER walks sadly away. As he does so he meets a tall, slight, rather refined-looking man—not a lawyer, he says, but one who managed the affairs of the Empire for some ten years, during which were concluded six successful wars, twelve disputes without any wars at all, and a large number of treaties of alliance and friendship.

"I heard you asking them about the Navy," says the quiet-looking gentleman. "I, too, have asked them the same question, with the same result. Now, I don't profess to be infallible, but IF again entrusted with the control of the nation's affairs, the question of our defences both in war and in trade will occupy me and my friends there (indicating three ex-Viceroys, some famous sailors, soldiers, and business men) *first and foremost*. . . . . The polling booth, I think, is over there. I shall have your support?"

"The ballot," replies THE BYSTANDER, with a smile, "is secret, but————."

"THE BYSTANDER'S" ELECTION COMPETITION

in which a £265 Bedford Motor-Car was offered to the reader giving the best forecast of the majority in votes to be polled by the victorious party at the polls, closed on Saturday. For three weeks the offices were inundated with entries to the number of many hundreds daily, and the total reached surpasses all expectations. The competition, being one essentially of skill, has attracted readers of all social ranks and in all parts of the country and the Continent. Entries have reached us from prominent members of the nobility, from distinguished men and women in the ranks of politics, art, and letters. Readers in France, Sweden, Switzerland, Italy, and even such distant regions as Roumania, Egypt, Algiers, and Gibraltar have sent in.

A detailed analysis cannot, of course, be given now, and the name of the winner can only be announced after the publication of the official figures at the close of the Election.

It is, however, interesting at the present moment to give the general result of the Election as forecasted by our readers. Of the entries received, there were given:

FOR UNIONISTS	**...**	**58 per cent.**
FOR RADICALS	**...**	**42 ,,**

That the voting should go this way is not surprising, in view of the nature of the circulation of a sixpenny illustrated weekly. I am exceedingly glad, however, to know that "The Bystander," despite its occasional bias "agin the Government," enjoys the support of many thousands of Liberals, and trust that, when the great fight is over, we shall all accept the result in good humour with each other, and turn our attention once again to the gaieties of life.

Every Little Helps!

LONDON RETURNS FIVE UNIONISTS AT THE FIRST POLLS

GOOD!
Sir Harry Samuel retains Norwood (Maj. 1,778)

Photo Elliott and Fry

VERY GOOD!

Mr. Davison Dalziel captures Brixton (Maj. 1,038)

Major H. Gastrell captures Lambeth, N. (Maj. 550)

Photo Lafayette

GOOD!
Mr. J. S. Fletcher retains Hampstead (Maj. 2,279)

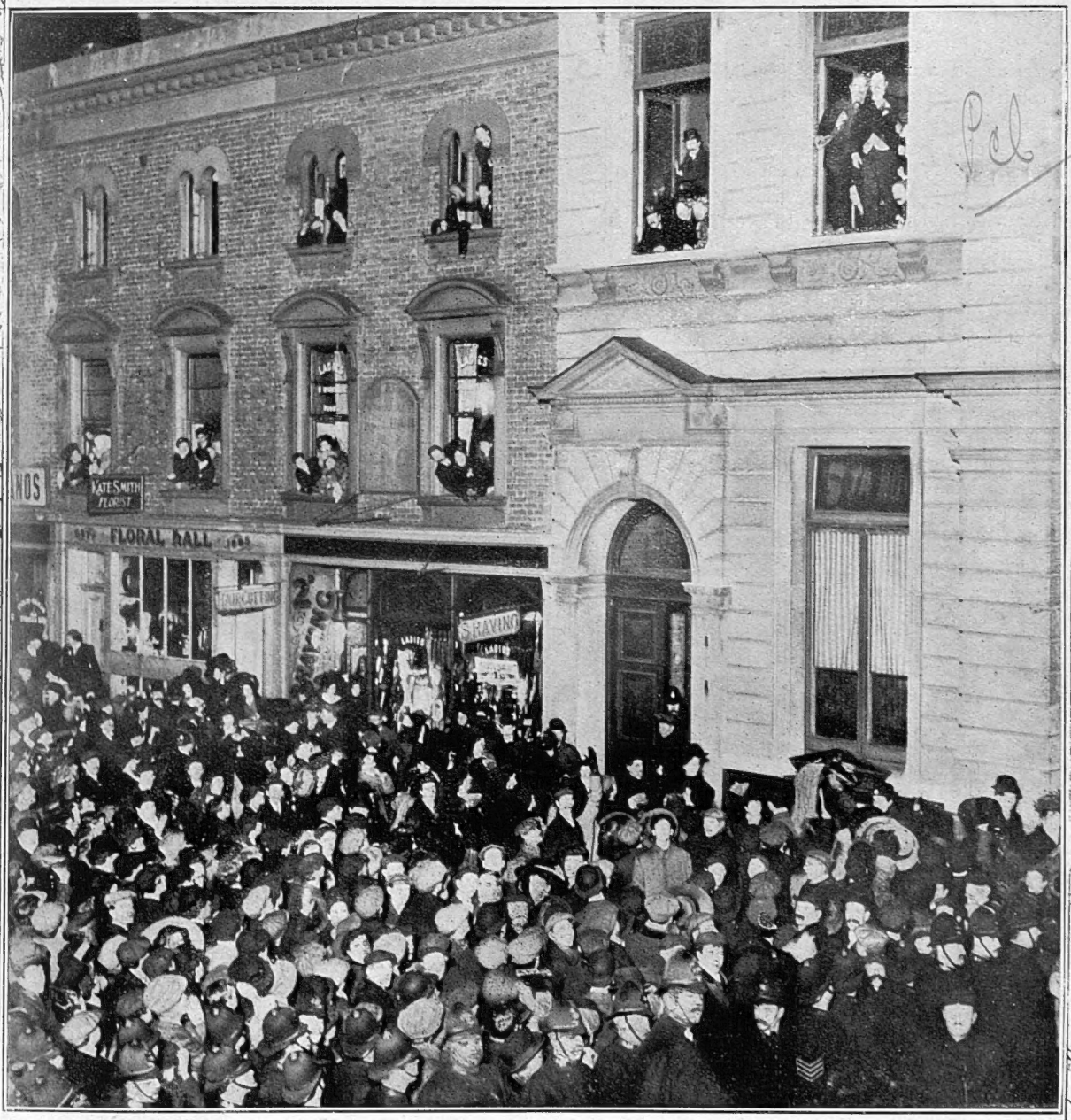


Photo *Sport and General*

EXCELLENT!

Mr. Hayes Fisher wins back Fulham for Unionism by a majority of 1,929 (previous Liberal majority, 630). This was Saturday's most glorious win. Mr. Fisher is seen in the above picture standing at the window after the declaration of the poll. Behind him is Mr. E. G. Easton, L.C.C., his chief lieutenant, and a former Mayor of Fulham

London Fights Entertainments

"JINGLE" AND NORMAN MORROW FORSAKE THE THEATRES FOR ELECTION MEETINGS

THE theatres have been thrown into the shade this week by the performances of the various stars who have been touring the suburbs in the hope of getting an engagement at St. Stephens's later on. Besides, the ordinary dramatic entertainment is far too frivolous a function at a time like this when everybody knows that our beloved country is tottering on its base, and can only be saved by one of two remedies which are as distinct from each other as chalk is from cheese. It seemed to me that to go idling my time away at the theatre would have been doing no better than Nero, who is stated to have played the fiddle while Rome was burning. I am aware that there are some authorities who hold that Nero was just as usefully employed in that manner as he would have been in getting in the way, and hindering the firemen who were dealing with the conflagration, but I do not wish to argue the point as I cannot afford to take the risk of being proved in the wrong.

ONE of the best electioneering entertainments was given by Mr. H. C. Gooch and his talented company at Peckham recently. Having a certain genius for pushing myself where I am not wanted, I found standing room close by the platform between two gentlemen who were clearly of opposite opinions. During the progress of the entertainment they addressed remarks to each other across me. Mr. A having once exclaimed "Heah, heah," in nice, robust tones, Mr. B retorted with a mocking laugh. Shortly after that Mr. B inquired loudly and somewhat irrelevantly: "What price Winston Churchill?" and Mr. A promptly leaned over my chest and said, "Ordah, ordah!" Then Mr. B, looking rather fierce, asked what seemed to me the rather pointed question: "W'y cawnt you beyave yourself?" and Mr. A retorted to the effect that in his matured view the crying need for the other gentleman was a lesson in "mannahs." Mr. B replied with another laugh, and turned his attention to his cigar. It was a large cigar, held together in three places with postage-stamp edging. After I had caught the flavour of the cigar I could not help feeling that Mr. B was quite justified in trying to dilute it a little with ordinary paper.

MR. GOOCH, who took the leading part in the entertainment on the stage, gained much applause by his recitation, which I believe was taken from one of the Blue Books. His manner was agreeably natural, and he had the saving grace of humour. Another gentleman, whose name I could not ascertain as there were no programmes, was less successful. As far as I could gather, he had taken up the part of political orator at a moment's notice without sufficient rehearsal. He was horribly nervous, and after someone in the audience had pointed out that he had made a mistake of about twenty in the number of *Dreadnoughts* that are being built by the *Daily Mail*, or whatever it is, he got on to the subject of what he called "Whissigism," afterwards explaining that what he had meant was "Whissigm"—he should say "Whiggism." Then somebody on the platform pulled his coat-tails mercifully, and he concluded hurriedly by saying that there it was, and sat down with his blushing honours thick upon him. Mr. Gooch himself seemed quite appallingly expert with large and unwieldly figures. I am rather shy of figures myself, but Mr. Gooch seemed to find them quite tame, and made them, as you might say, practically feed out of his hand. I was a little amused when he pointed out that the amount invested in British securities had recently dropped from fifty millions to nineteen millions, as I am afraid I am the innocent cause of the change. I have lately been transferring a few of my investments to some of the junior issues of the Brazilian Government on the advice of my City friends.

'Midst Hecklers and Hooligans

"Jingle" and Mr. Norman Morrow have, at the risk of their lives, attended several recent election meetings in South London. Notes were taken and sketches made under great difficulties, thanks to the Radical break-up gangs, but our representatives stubbornly defended themselves and the principles for which they are so deservedly notorious

Berthas and Doras and Brums are all very well for the speculator on the spot who can sit with the tape in one hand and the telephone in the other, but I personally prefer a security that can be relied upon to take in the morning pretty much the same shape as that in which it was left the afternoon before. I am sorry, of course, that this rearrangement of my finances should have twisted up the statistics so badly, but we must all take a snip when the chance comes.

MR. GOOCH did not have much difficulty in dealing with the opposition at his meeting, but Mr. Hayes Fisher, at Fulham Town Hall, was in a different case. There was evidently an organised gang bent on preventing him from being heard, and although the meeting came to its saner self after a while, the opening remarks of the candidate were out of all proportion to the cries of the interrupters. I had the curiosity to take down the combined remarks in shorthand, and I have much pleasure in submitting an exact transcript herewith.

MR. CHAIRMAN, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—I want to put before you—(what about the Dukes? Order, order! Shut up, please! *Set* down!—SET down!)—the position as it appears to the Unionist party—(how about Germany? Order, ORDER! Why don't you give the genelman a chawnce?)—and whatever divergencies of political opinion—(three cheers for Lloyd George. Why don't you set down? Why don't *you* shut up? It wasn't me, guv'nor; it was that bloke over there! [Music.] *Gawd gave the land to the pee-ple!* ROT! ORDER!)—whether you are opponents or whether you are supporters of Unionism—(Cheers, counter-cheers, groans, hisses, and the general cacophany of Noah's Ark.)

INTERVENTION of the Chairman, Mr. Cyril Cobb, L.C.C. Gentlemen, I appeal for fair play. We—(Set down! Go on, Fisher; don't mind them. Who's talkin'? What about black bread? Three cheers for Hayes Fisher!—don't give up, sir! [Music]: *For he's a jolly good fe-el-low!* Wild cheering. It ain't us, it's the people outside. Fisher for Fulham! Hoo-ra-a-ay!)

IN the course of his subsequent speech Mr. Hayes Fisher stated that nineteen thousand pianos had been imported from Germany during the past year. I am not surprised to hear it. I should not have been surprised to hear that ten thousand of that number at least had been delivered next door to me, for that is about what it sounds like when the family are practising together.

THE main electioneering performances are usually followed by a sort of harlequinade, in which most of the conscientious objectors present take part. It is not given out that this portion of the entertainment is intended for the amusement of the children, but I suspect that something of the kind is the case. Some of the questions are general, and some are very particular. A fair sample of the general question is, "What about the Budget?" Seeing, however, that it took the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself several weeks to explain the Budget, and that some of us don't understand it even now, it seems to me a little unreasonable to expect a candidate to make it clear in a two-minute answer. As a sample of the very particular question I take one that was asked at Mr. Gooch's meeting. I should not like to say that I had got it down quite accurately, but this is how it sounded to me, anyway: "If Tariff Reform means work for all, and our exports exceed our imports by two pounds ten and ninepence, how many *Dreadnoughts* will the Germans have in 1925?" I think the answer is "Yes," but I am not quite sure.

THE most disastrous meeting that I attended was one in support of the candidature of Mr. "Jack" Dumphreys at Bermondsey. The leader of the mob was an undersized youth with the stamp of the degenerate upon him. Yet there was an unmistakable power about him which was speedily recognised by his supporters.

THEATRES.

EMPIRE. LYDIA KYASHT, M. PESHKOFF, FRED FARREN, BEATRICE COLLIER, ETC., in 'ROUND THE WORLD." BIOSCOPE and Specially Selected Varieties.
EVERY EVENING, at 8. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

DALY'S THEATRE. EVERY EVENING, at 8.
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production.
"THE DOLLAR PRINCESS," a Musical Play in Three Acts.
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GARRICK. MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, Lessee and Manager.
To-morrow (Thursday), at 8. A New Play by Henry Bataille.
Adapted by FREDERICK FENN. "DAME NATURE" (MISS ETHEL IRVING.) First Mat., Wed., Jan. 26. Box Office, 10 till 10. Tel. Ger. 9513.

GAIETY. Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.
A Musical Play, OUR MISS GIBBS. Matinée, Every Saturday, at 2.
Box Office (J. H. JUBB) open 10 till 10.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE. EVENINGS, at 8.
Frank Curzon's New Musical Production. ELLALINE TERRISS, SEYMOUR HICKS and Co., in "CAPTAIN KIDD."
By SEYMOUR HICKS. Music by Leslie Stuart. Mat., Weds. and Sats., at 2.

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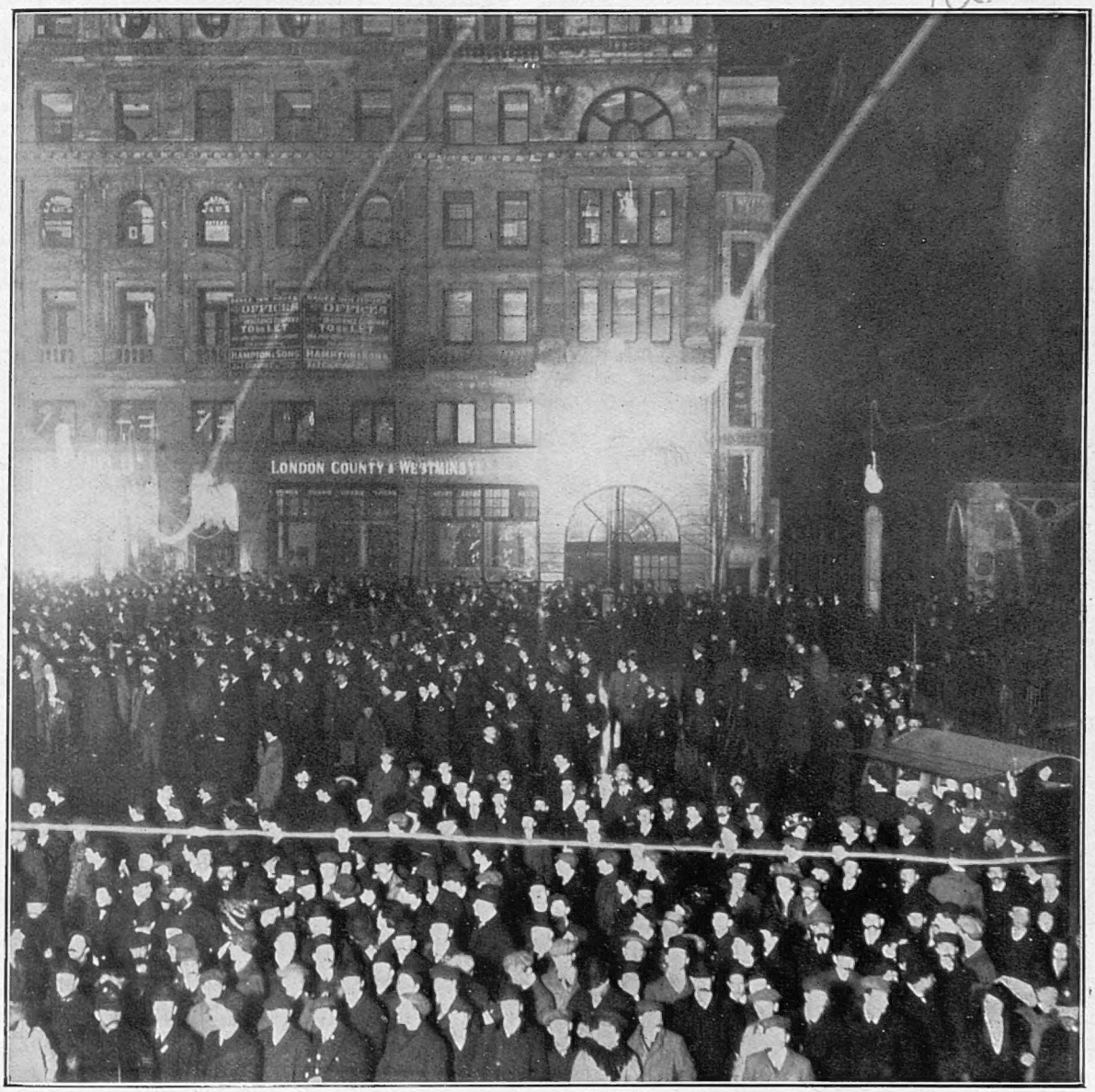
He had all the rough-and-ready wit of the guttersnipe, mingled with the reckless irresponsibility of the Sansculotte, and he posed among his supporters with the air of an etiolated Lord of Misrule. Quite early in the evening a retort of his made him a factor to reckon with, and when he followed it up by pointing a finger with amazing effrontery at the Chairman and shouting, "Just you sit down, sir!" it was clear that he had the meeting with him. A little humour, a few sportive remarks by the Chairman, might have saved the situation even then, but the Chairman unfortunately decided to maintain his severely dignified attitude to the last, and he retorted by calling in an authoritative tone for the offender's name and address. (I should, myself, have been disposed to doubt that he possessed either.) It appears that there is an Act of Parliament by which you are empowered to demand the name and address of a persistent interrupter at a public meeting; but, unfortunately, the Act does not supply a reliable recipe for collecting the information required when the offender withholds it, and is backed up in his contumacy by his supporters. And it is a first principle in diplomacy that you should never show your gun unless you know it is loaded. When Mr. Dumphreys mentioned the words "Tariff Reform" the immature Danton addressed the meeting on his own account. He said he had asked for a definition of Tariff Reform, and had been told that it meant—reform of the tariff. The sally was received with a wild shriek of joy. It seemed to me that Mr. Dumphreys's supporters had underestimated the strength of the wreckers, who had clearly no intention of allowing the candidate to be heard. JINGLE.

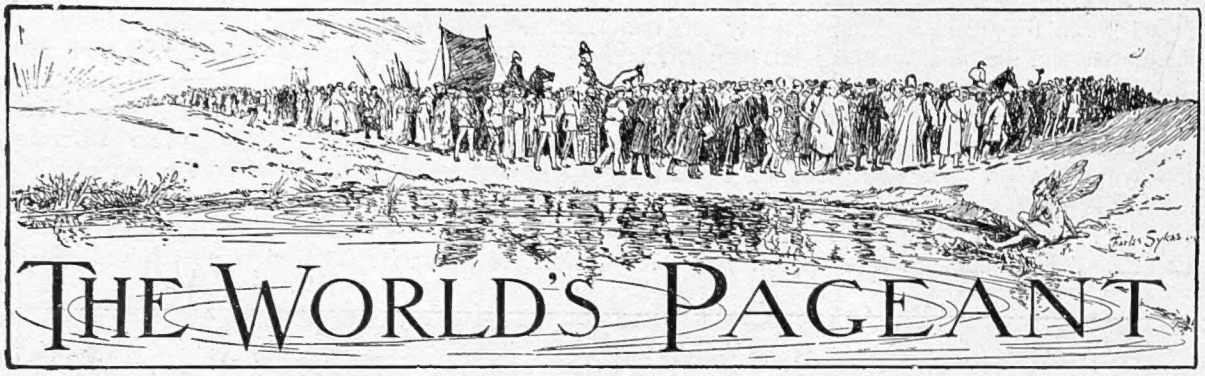


Watching the Result Screens in the Strand

Enormous crowds gathered on Saturday night in Aldwych, the Strand, and Fleet Street, and remarkable ovations greeted the news of Tariff Reform victories, while Liberal successes were met with a storm of boos. We understand, however, that two Radicals were present. They declined to be interviewed

A Correction

Owing to misleading early announcements concerning the Liberal candidature for West Hartlepool, Sir Christopher Furness is described on p. 119 as "ex-M.P." for that constituency. I hasten, on this later page, to correct the statement. Sir Christopher was again returned for the seat on Saturday.



THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Week in Town

FOR the non-political stander-by not the least amusing occupation of the week has been a series of slight strolls taken in mean streets where, nevertheless, the all-important voter, and the still more all-important voter's wife, live and have their being. Lovely little things in sealskins and silks, armed to the teeth with smiles, platitudes, and entreaties, stand chattily on doubtful doorsteps, doubtful babies for the first and last time in their unfortunate little lives receive encouragement, and the most enlightening conversations may be overheard between the woman whose flowers or scents or gloves alone cost her a pound a week and the woman who lives and learns, brings up a family, and feeds a husband on something sometimes very considerably less!

Ladies' Battles

It is a sign of the times, I suppose, that while the marriage and birth-rates have never been so low the number of women taking part in the political work of this election has never on any previous and similar occasion been so high. In some cases, indeed, they are taking a whole part. The natural factors, Youth, Birth, and Beauty, are, it must be confessed, rather more to the fore than mere Brains on the Conservative woman's side, on which the bulk of Society women are entrenched. A smile still takes the place of argument, and a soft little sigh supersedes cold logic.

The Courts

The first Court of the season, which will be, as usual, almost entirely of the diplomatic and official variety, is to be held by their Majesties at Buckingham Palace a day or two after the State opening of the new Parliament on the 15th of next month. The first of the ordinary Courts will take place about a week later, and immediately afterwards the King will leave England for a month's stay in Biarritz. The Queen will remain at Buckingham Palace with her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, until she leaves, with Princess Victoria and Lady Antrim, for her annual cruise in the Mediterranean.

The Windsor Week

The Court goes to Windsor this week for the service in memory of Queen Victoria, which takes place each year in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, and for some shooting. All the Royalties in England are expected by the King to be present, but this year there will be several absentees. Princess Henry of Battenberg, Queen Victoria's youngest and favourite daughter, is away with her invalid son; the Princess Royal, also an invalid, is on the Nile; and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Prince Arthur and Princess Patricia, will already have started on their shooting trip to East Africa, from which they are not expected back until late in May. Parties of a strictly official nature are held at Windsor on these occasions, and invitations to sleep, dine, and shoot have been

Photo *Rita Martin*

The Lady Beatrice Herbert

Wife of Capt. Lord Herbert, M.V.O., heir to the Pembroke Earldom. She is a daughter of the late Lord Alexander Paget

Our Society Portraiture

Photo] THE HON. MRS. SKEFFINGTON SMYTH [*Rita Martin*

Née the Hon. Violet Monckton, daughter of the seventh Viscount Galway, wife of Capt. G. H. J. Skeffington Smyth, D.S.O., Unionist Candidate for Grantham. Mrs. Skeffington Smyth, an intrepid lady, who, alone with a maid, penetrated deeper into China than any other European woman, is busily assisting her husband's candidature

New Year Nuptials

issued to most of the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers. The King and the Prince of Wales are expected to shoot at Hall Barn before returning to London.

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Florence Emily Dashwood

Only child of the late Sir Edwin Abercromby Dashwood, Bart., of West Wycombe Park, and Florence, Lady Dashwood, Whaddon Chase, Bucks, who is engaged to Mr. A. Ronald Gilbey

The King at Brighton

Only a very few of the King's personal friends were invited to meet him at Brighton last week. Colonel Sir Arthur Davidson and Colonel Legge were in attendance, and the rest of the party, which was enlarged daily at dinner by an influx of guests staying in the neighbourhood, included the Marquis de Soveral, Mrs. Rochfort Maguire (a first-rate bridge-player and daughter of Lord Peel), Mrs. William James (whose concert at the Dome was the event of the week), and Mrs. Keppel (the health of whose débutante daughter is causing anxiety). In the mornings leisurely walks in the sunny marine gardens, in the afternoons motor drives, and in the evenings bridge, comprised, with one or two short interruptions, the Royal doings of the week.

Election-Sick

I think most people will be glad when the elections are over and we can discuss other matters, such as the German invasion, the comet, who will go to "reign" in Ireland, all about the new peers, who will give parties this season, and all sorts of cheerful topics. We are quite tired of illustrations of Mr., Mrs., or Miss So-and-So canvassing for this person or the other, and we know by heart the facial expression and five movements of every candidate for Parliamentary honours. Why are they always illustrated in five movements? Judging by the photographs of the lady canvassers they do not look as though they were discussing any earth-shaking topic; they nearly all wear a sickly grin—that, of course, may be the fault of the wicked snapshotter—and appear to be asking the good lady of the house if she prefers her potatoes boiled or fried or some such domestic inquiry. One rather expects to see the lady canvasser demanding the head of Lloyd George or Balfour on a charger; and I for one have been much disappointed with the tameness of the lady canvassers' expressions.

The Suspense

I am wondering what I shall have to write about next week. Will it be to tell of the glories of a Unionist

Photo *Alice Hughes*

Miss Margery V. St. Quintin

Who is marrying Captain E. G. S. L'Estrange-Malone, Royal Fusiliers, on January 20

India's Popular Military Chief

SIR O'MOORE CREAGH, WHO HAS WON THE GOODWILL OF BOTH BRITISH AND INDIAN CRITICS

Photo *Bourne and Shepherd*

GEN. SIR O'MOORE CREAGH, V.C., G.C.B., COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN THE EAST INDIES: A NEW PORTRAIT

Sir O'Moore Creagh has achieved already a remarkable popularity in India. From the moment of his assumption of Lord Kitchener's great charge, he has worked extremely hard, and yet has found time to get into contact with civilians and soldiers of even the humblest grades. Above all, he has won the regard of the Indian critics, whose approval is rarely dispensed to military autocrats

The Real Truth About "Black" Bread

Government or the dull stagnation of the Lib-Labs? If the latter return to power one may look forward to a deadly season, such as few people can ever remember. Last year was dismal enough in all conscience, but the dose repeated, even though it be shaken, is too dreadful to contemplate. All the Society paragraphers just now are at their wits' ends to know what to write about. They cannot even forecast matters. They find it impossible to say what the season will be like, who will entertain, or who will do anything at all. Fashionable intelligence just now is suffering a terrible slump. But just wait a little. If the Unionists return we shall have such a programme set before us! We shall read about the Duchess of Blank's intentions for June and July; we shall be told how Lady Dash intends giving a series of brilliant parties; we shall hear, too, how Lord Blank and Mr. Star have bought tiaras for Lady Blank and Mrs. Star; we shall thrill with excitement at the list of those who have taken boxes and stalls at the Opera, and all sorts of joys will be promised us.

The End of Everything

But—and a very big BUT, too—should the stars in their courses fight against Balfour and his chariots and horses, the *Daily Mail* and the *Morning Post* may just as well give up their Society columns, and the *D.T.'s* "London Day by Day" may take "Limehouse Day by Day" for its Society heading. We shall hear of most of the big houses being closed for the season, of all the "best families" going abroad, of Ascot being converted into "'Appy 'Ampton," of Goodwood resembling the Pitmen's Derby; and as for Cowes—well, the R.Y.S. may just as well put up its shutters and turn its lawns into building sites for Lib-Lab tenements. I cannot think of more horrors at present.

The Black Bread Bogey

I see the Radicals are at it again over the German's black bread. I suppose it is not of very much use to protest against that kind of argument. Still, it is amusing to the last degree for anybody who knows the Germans to suppose that they would eat black bread or any other queer national comestible if they didn't like it. If black bread, German sausage, *sauerkraut*, and the like were, as we are told they are, the compulsory diet of a tariff-ridden serfdom, why does the German continue to eat them when in Free Trade England, the land of the white loaf and the flesh of the ox? The very existence, all over London, of weird sausage-shops testifies to the existence of a large sausage-eating population. When I was first in Berlin, lunching at a wine restaurant *unter den Linden*, I remember the horror with which I greeted the waiter who placed some rolls of black bread at my elbow. "Have they," I asked my Berlin companion, "the insolence to offer it to us in the fashionable restaurants?" Laughter was my reward. "My dear sir, it is here a delicacy, this black bread. It is with Camembert cheese for you a never-to-be-forgotten luxury to eat." "But," I continued, "for the working-classes. Why do they eat it?" "The working-classes! *Ach!* Partly because they like it better than white, but chiefly because it gives them better the thirst by which they may more beer drink."

HAPPY MOMENTS AT BRIDGE.—No. III.

When your partner can give you back your long suit against a no-trump call!

BY THOS. DOWNEY

Waiting Till the Crowds Poll By

FOR THE PEERAGES TO WHICH THEIR SERVICES TO LIBERALISM ENTITLE THEM

Photo *Window and Grove*

Sir Weetman Pearson

Ex-M.P. for Colchester. A great contractor

TO announce a number of new Liberal Peers at a moment when "Down with the Lords" is the Liberal electoral war-cry would look a little odd. The many wealthy Liberals who have expected Dissolution Honours have, therefore, had to wait for them until a more useful opportunity arises. The gentlemen whose portraits are given are generally named as the likely recipients of peerages, whenever the Government—if returned—finds it convenient to announce them. All have served their party, and have in many ways justified the designation "Liberal."

Sir Edward Tennant, Bart.

Candidate for Salisbury

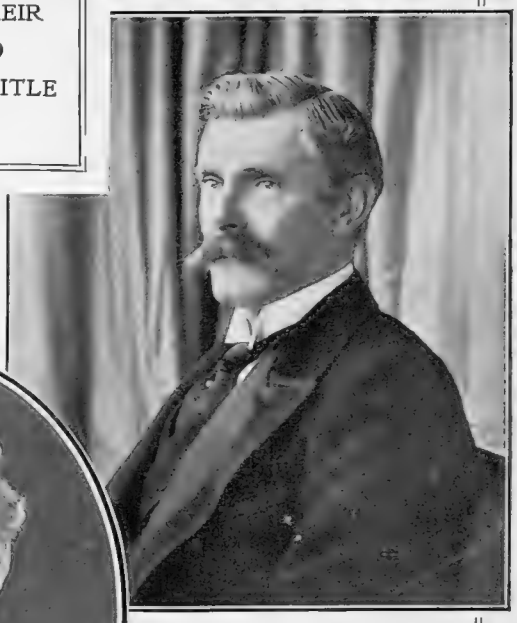


Photo *Thomson*

Sir John Dickson-Poynder

Ex-M.P. for Chippenham Division of Wilts. A great landowner

Photo *Thomson*

Sir Thomas Glen-Coats

Ex-M.P. for West Renfrewshire. Director of the great Coats cotton firm

Photo *Lafayette*

Sir Christopher Furness

Ex-M.P. for Hartlepool. A great shipowner and shipbuilder. Owns over 30,000 acres

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

OUT of the grey matter that has filled our papers and our thoughts for so many days past, one cheerful little point has emerged: "Do Ants Think?"

* * *

VOTERS do not think, and candidates only think when a nasty question has been put to them; but Lord Avebury is of opinion that Ants think a lot all the time. Other people maintain that they only have instincts. Like the Suffragettes.

* * *

PERSONALLY, I dislike the idea of these diminutive insects being too intelligent. I am referring to the Ants. It is demoralising to suppose that they have possibly settled the rights of matters like Free Trade and Tariff Reform, while we are still debating about them.

* * *

THERE can be no doubt about one thing, in the mind, that is to say, of anyone who has accidentally sat down upon an ants' nest. The little creatures have universal conscription, and do not submit their wrongs to a Hague Convention. They must have had their Blatchford!

* * *

IT is reported that there is not a single Admiral in the German Navy who is a Commoner. They all belong to the Nobility. Perhaps Mr. Lloyd George, if he returns to power, will consent to giving us some more *Dreadnoughts* with a view to "downing" these peers!

* * *

LORD KITCHENER is said to have been very much fêted by the Chinese during his stay. His beaming smile would be certain to appeal to this affable people.

* * *

BY the Japanese, according to one correspondent, he has been rather bored. They told off several Japanese Generals to show him over the Russian-Japanese battlefields in person. Soon we shall have the following dialogue cabled as having taken place between K. and his guides:—

THE JAP GENERALS: "It was at this spot that, by the aid of the Divine Emperor, we were enabled to disperse the enemy."
K. (*concealing yawn*): "Oh--ah!"
JAP GENERALS: "We lost 100,000 men."
K. (*genially*): "Not enough. Not enough."
JAPS (*surprised*): "We did not, in your opinion, lose sufficient men?"
K: "Not enough Generals."

* * *

COMMANDER PEARY is said to have refused a huge cheque for the story of his dash to the Nail, which is to appear in *Nash's Magazine*. Dr. Cook will probably also g'Nash a bit.

* * *

THE University of Copenhagen proposes to withdraw the degree upon Dr. Cook *honoris causa*. Of course, it isn't such good Latin, but could they not offer in exchange a degree *humoris causa?*

* * *

IT is pleasant news that Turkey is to have a Literary Academy corresponding for the most part with the Académie Française, but I hope the founders will not be too imitative. In the case of Turkish women who distinguish themselves in literature, could they not substitute something different—a bow-string, say—for the laurel wreath?

* * *

THE Paris Apaches have taken to wearing "bracelets of leather, which bristle with the points of great numbers of sharpened nails" to prevent the police from grappling with them. Metropolitan policemen, however, who have dealt with Suffragettes, say there is little to fear in these compared with natural nails.

The Troubles of a Rink Chaperon

AUNT (*suspiciously*): "Who is that with you, Ethel?"
ETHEL (*who has just collided*): "I don't know, Auntie"

Under Parental Tutelage

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

MISS PHYLLIS TERRY, THE DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. FRED TERRY (MISS JULIA NEILSON)

She is at present playing Marie Belleforet in "Henry of Navarre," at the New Theatre, and appears on the programme as Phillida Terson. Miss Terry made her début as one of the torchbearers in the tableaux at the Ellen Terry matinée at Drury Lane. She possesses a fine soprano voice, and is at present studying at the Royal Academy of Music, where she has already secured two gold medals

PARIS SHOWS et Autres Choses

A Dress Rehearsal at Olympia: Madame Ludmila Scholiar has a Chat with the Chef d'Orchestre

A Midnight Rehearsal

There are two kinds of midnight rehearsals in Paris. This is the other kind. Why should I waste your time by telling you about the *répetition générale*, which only differs from the ordinary show in the fact that your complexions, mesdames, look a little bit the worse for wear as you leave it in the grey morning light to breakfast off champagne and *œufs poêlés au lard*, which is the French for eggs and bacon. Down a little side street off the boulevards is the stage door of the Olympia. You can always recognise it, because at night you will always see several smart motor-cars outside it. These belong to the walking ladies, and if you understand slang French you may translate this into "*les dames qui marchent.*" The principals walk home if they miss their last omnibus. These are the peculiarities of theatrical life. The *concièrge* bobs out at us as we walk in. We remember (with a silver coin) that the year is young, and Cerberus relents. Then a swing door, a dirty passage, another swing door, and Olympia in its dingy grey nightie. It really does look half asleep, for the rehearsal was called for nine o'clock, and as it is only just past ten it is not in full swing yet. The *chef d'orchestre* is on his perch with a big pipe in his mouth. The stage-manager, with a meerschaum in his mouth, is making cryptic signs to four young ladies. They are in ordinary walking dress down to the waist, where they suddenly become ballet girls.

A Dress Rehearsal at Olympia: The Chef d'Orchestre on his perch, with a big pipe in his mouth

"Où est Cupidon?"

You mustn't go and ask the stage-manager how his rheumatism is. He is merely explaining the intricacies of a step that those four young ladies will not get right. On a chair in the middle of the stage, a man in a bath-towel is eating a sandwich. He is Monsieur Prince, who is to play in a little revue presently, and as he has plenty of time before him he is enjoying a little meal in "dishables." Suddenly the stage-manager goes mad. Out of the darkness at the back of the hall a voice said, "*Allons.*" And the stage-manager rushes wildly here and there to get people together. A lady in grey chinchilla, but otherwise quite plainly dressed, is strolling up and down, talking to her self with her hands. I notice that the stage-manager, who, as he runs about the stage, bumps into everybody else and swears at them, makes a point of making a détour round the little lady in chinchilla and saying, "*Pardon, Madame.*" I learn presently that she is the Olympia's bright particular star. Between you and me, she takes me out to a café and tells me so, but don't let it go any further. Then somebody makes a cowardly attack on the big drum, and six or seven people clap their hands and say, "*One*, two, three, *one*, two, three, *one.*" It is a funny ballet. An excited Italian, in a dirty cap and a magnificent fur coat, has tied himself into a knot with excitement. From his place in the stalls, "Cupid!" he shrieks, "*Cupidon! Où*

est Cupidon, donc!" Cupid is a little late. She is in pink silk, and very little of it, but is wearing black shoes because those she is to wear to-morrow have not come. Venus has been out to dinner, and is in a blue satin dress with a long train and an opera cloak.

Confusion Worse Confounded

The whole effect is rather quaint because of this mixture of costume. And in and out of the crowd strolls a melancholy gentleman in an eye-glass with a broad black ribbon. He wears other things, of course, but you notice these and his melancholy most. He is a distinguished author, one of the two managers of the Olympia and the producer of the ballet. He claps his hands, the orchestra breaks into melody, and the Italian in the stalls shrieks aloud. "*Troppo lente*," he says, or something like that. My knowledge of Italian is deficient. "*Trop lent-t-t! Beaucoup trop lent!* Too slow! *Plus vite!*" And what follows is, I am sure, the very worst Italian language. The musical conductor turns round and beckons the ballet-master (the excited Italian is the ballet-master) to him. "Have you a match, *mon ami?*" he asks quietly. The ballet-master would kill him if he could, but as murder is unusual even at rehearsal, he gives him a match, and murmurs feebly, "Too slow, *plus vite, troppo lente!*" The musical conductor has lit his pipe. A young lady in a sky-blue ballet-dress (Madame Ludmila Schollar) is lying at full length, taking her ease on the top of the prompter's box, a thing like a typewriter case in the centre of the stage footlights. The conductor suggests a less prominent resting-place. The lady kisses her toe to him and disappears into a box, into which she climbs from the stage. Then the conductor raps, puts his pipe in his pocket, and business begins. It goes terribly wrong. I have chosen a seat in the dust-sheet covered stalls in the middle of a group of pretty girls (we journalists know our way about), who are to figure in another tableau. One of them, in the intervals of chocolate creams and German sausage (I wonder what ballet girls' digestions are made of, unless they take them off with their ordinary clothes), says she doesn't think they'll ever play to-morrow. She seems right. The confusion on the stage is terrific.

Cupid's Costume

Nothing goes as it ought to go, and little bits of scenery make murderous assaults upon the ballet every now and then, when dirty, brawny men in grey flannel shirt-sleeves come down stage, shade their eyes, and bellow explanations. Everybody is getting very tired and very cross. The stage-manager has called a group of six young ladies a "heap of turtles," and there have been tears. It is half-past three in the morning. The melancholy man with the eyeglass goes up to Cupid, who has danced with such energy that her toilet needs some rearrangement. I know he is a married man. Besides, his wife is sitting in a box not five yards from him. He rearranges the Cupid's toilet, calmly and prosaically, takes her foot (Cupid was on one leg at the time) in his hand, and puts it down as if he had no further use for it. He hasn't. "To-morrow at eight," he says. It is nearly four in the morning, and the last rehearsal is over. The most remarkable thing about it all is that everything will go right on the morrow, or the same evening rather, at the *première*.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Rehearsing at Olympia, Paris: Mlle. Leonora Makes her Exit via the Stage Box

Mlle. Leonora is well known in London, having played Psyche in the ballet of that name at the Alhambra

RIVIERA GOSSIP

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Monte Carlo Resigned

You can count the English of any importance in Monte Carlo on the fingers of your two hands. Even such devotees of the Principality as Lord Waleran have been driven away. "The only English left here," said one of the big *hôtèliers* to me the other day, "are those who don't possess a vote—and they don't count for much." Ciro confessed that he would be "delightful" when the Elections were over, and Aubanel of the Princess's Restaurant is in temporary despair. Mr. Victor Bethell, who looks after the Anglo-Saxon interests of the Comptoir National d'Escompte, finds time hang more or less heavy on his hands, and Charlie and Albert of the Café de Paris, though still optimists, bear a look of resignation.

Lord and Lady Armstrong and the Hon. William Armstrong: A Snapshot at Cabbé-Roquebrune

An "Interview" with "Labby"

If England generally is badly represented, an English celebrity is a *rara avis* indeed. Wherefore a well-known ex-M.P. may be excused for flattening his nose against Ciro's restaurant window the other afternoon, when Mr. and Mrs. Henry Labouchere were within taking tea. It is just twenty years since the proprietor of *Truth*, whose famous system must have brought a fortune to the Casino, last set his foot in Monte Carlo, and he seemed quite surprised the other afternoon when the doorkeeper refused to let him into the Rooms without a ticket! Once inside he was set upon by a local English journalist, who demanded his views upon the Budget. "Labby," however, was not "taking any," a fact which did not prevent the appearance of an interview between the reporter and "the Rt. Hon. Henry Labouchere and his daughter" in a local sheet the following morning. The one unfortunate part of the "interview" was that the "daughter" happened to be Mrs. C. N. Williamson, who had been entertaining "Labby" to lunch.

After Dives, Lazarus

The big gambler, who was the chief centre of attraction in the Rooms for several days, has gone, leaving the Casino the richer by £16,000, though at one time he had netted over £28,000! Since his departure the play has been particularly small, silver coins being practically the only ones seen on many of the tables.

An American Bar

If one were to judge by the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, one would imagine that the place was full up; but it isn't. There are far fewer people of the "right sort" than there were at this time last year, and English visitors are very few and far between. The races are, of course, proving an attraction, and there have been good attendances at the Hippodrome du Var, but the smart crowd has not arrived yet. The hotels that are doing the biggest business are the Majestic and the Royal, the latter being a great favourite with the racing fraternity. A rival hotel-keeper, in an attempt to entice *les sportsmen* from the Royal, started an American bar, which he was unfortunate enough to advertise as the "Chatam."

Flying at Cannes

A couple of flying men have arrived at Cannes, but so far their efforts have scarcely proved successful owing to the bad state of the ground, which is anything but level, and must be considerably improved if Cannes is to have anything like a successful flying week. Several of the polo players are going in for aviation this season, among them being the Duc de Guiche, Prince Radziwill, and Baron de Meyronnet de St. Marc. The Duke of Westminster also intends to fly on the Riviera this season, on either the Nice or the Cannes ground.

Mr. Victor Bethell

Who looks after the Anglo-Saxon interests of the Comptoir National d'Escompte at Monte Carlo, where he is a well-known and popular figure. He is also an authority on Bridge, a text-book on which by him was published last year

Golf on the Riviera

There is a big scheme on foot to make a golf course at Valescure on one of the most picturesque sites of the whole Riviera. The plan comprises a big hotel, and looks like going through. At any rate, the right people are behind it. The scheme for a golf links near Monte Carlo seems to hang fire, and, in any case, nothing can be done until next season.

"The Bystander's" Own Pantomime

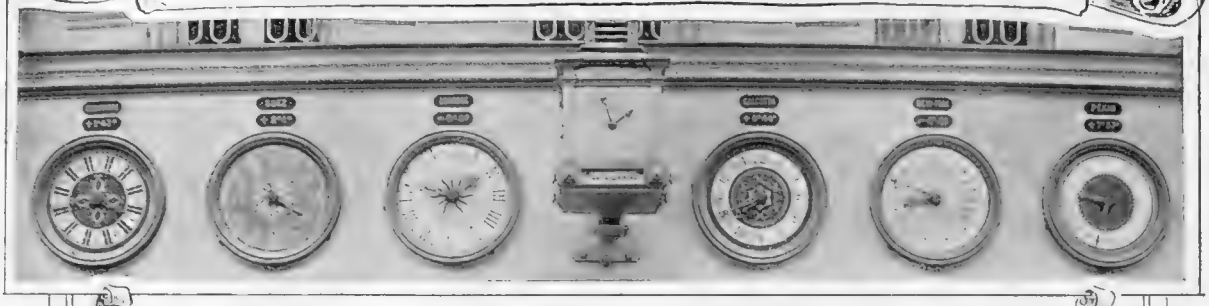
IN SIX TABLEAUX. BY H. M. BATEMAN

No. 3.—THE DAME'S KITCHEN

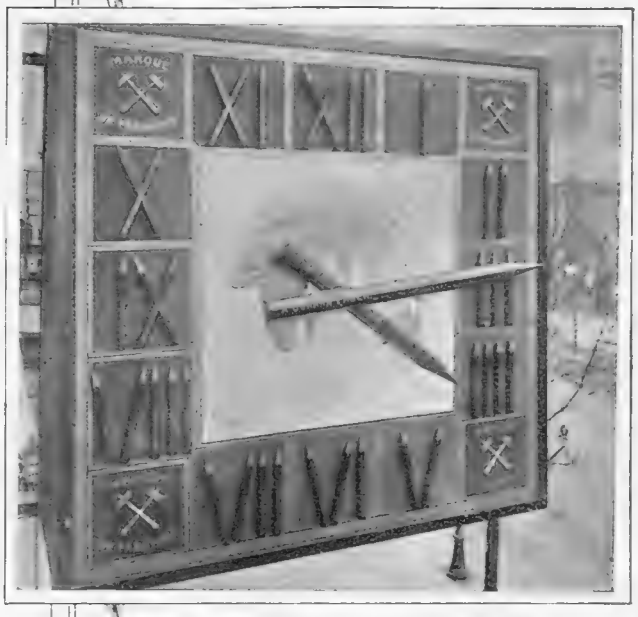
The Princess steals in to meet the Boy, who sings a heart-melting ballad of the "Love me and I'll love you back" order in the chimney-corner. The Dame cooks a goose, sings a song on the Budget, and smashes much crockery

Taking Liberties with Father Time

QUEER CLOCKS TO BE SEEN ABOUT PARIS

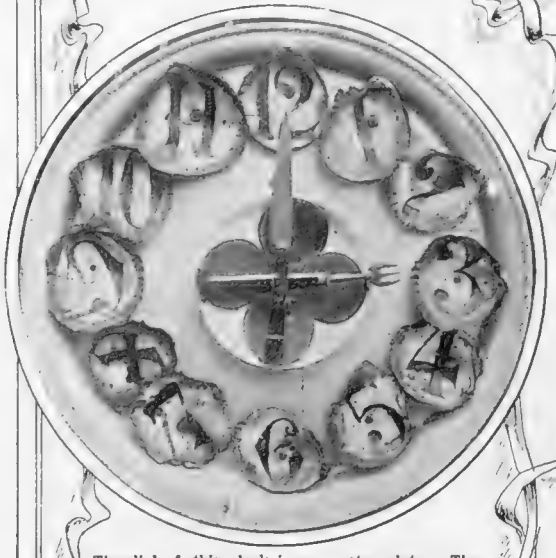


These seven clocks give the time in the seven following towns: Constantinople, Suez, London, Paris, Calcutta, New York, and Pekin



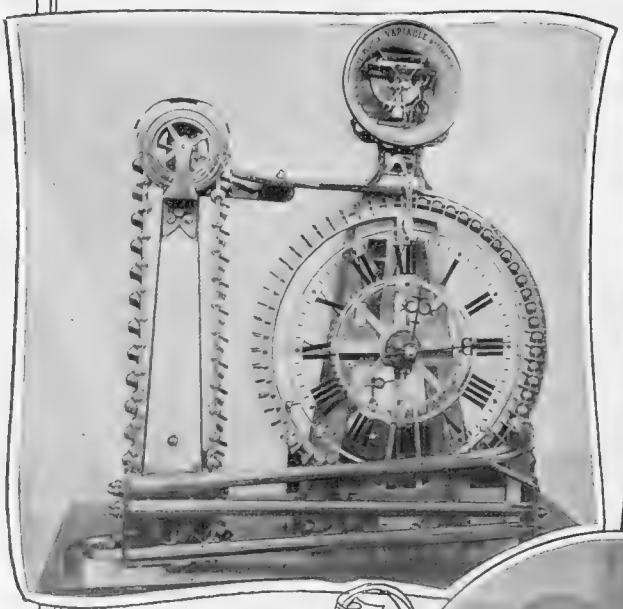
A clock to be seen on the Paris Boulevards. The hands and figures on the dial are gigantic pencils

A clock set in a melon



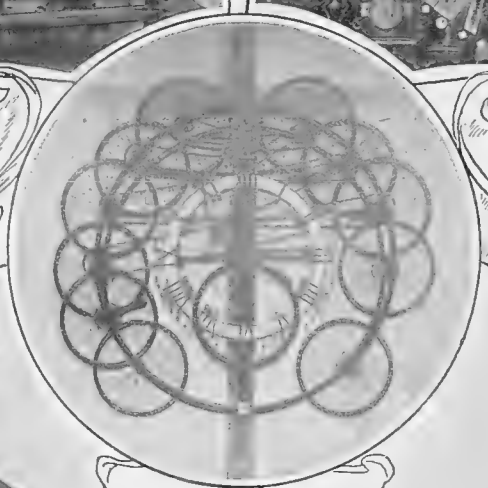
The dial of this clock is an oyster plate. The figures of the hours are painted on oyster shells, while an oyster knife and fork form the hands

This clock is the sign of a great Paris brewery. At the hours the negro gaily wags his head and strikes a bell

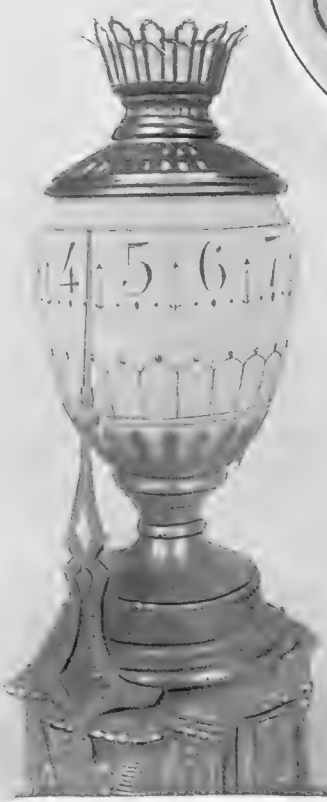


In this timepiece steel balls deriving their activity from their own gravity take the place of springs

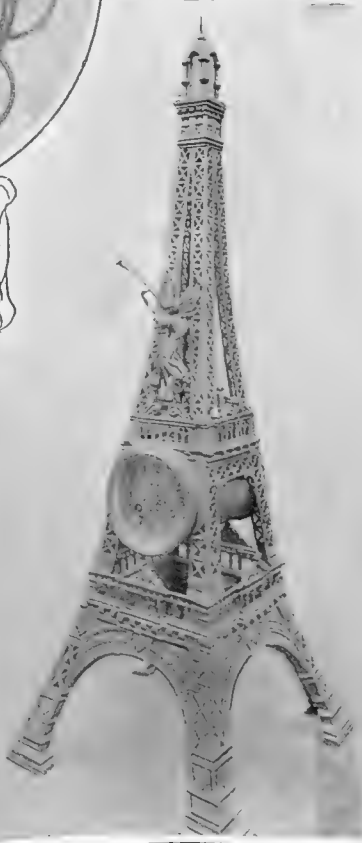
A clock with invisible mechanism, the works of which are all attached to the hands



A clock constructed of wheels and parts of bicycles. It is three metres in circumference



A clock with immovable hands. The vase revolves instead of the hands. At night a lamp is placed inside the vase to illuminate it



The Eiffel Tower in miniature. The hours are sounded on the trumpet of the figure of Fame

Recent Tragedies Overseas

The Newfoundland Fishing Fleet Disaster

Advices from St. John's state that the Newfoundland fishing fleet suffered disastrously during the recent storm off the East Coast. No fewer than twelve boats were lost and a number disabled, while sixty men perished. Our picture is of St. John's Bay, Newfoundland, showing the fleet laden with salt cod destined for Portugal and the Mediterranean ports

The Most Mutinous City in India

Nasik, in the Bombay Presidency, has been a hot-bed of sedition for some time past. Our picture shows the famous reservoir. The large square building on the right is the theatre in which Mr. A. M. T. Jackson, Collector, was recently murdered by a native, who stated that he wished to avenge the sentence of transportation for life passed upon Ganesh Damodar Gawarkar for seditious writing

MONTE CARLO
From the Woman's Point of View

IN spite of Monte Carlo's natural and artificial endowment and the overpowering impression one gets of its splendours when first coming in contact with them, the chief impulse is to leave it all behind, shut it out, and get into the stuffy atmosphere of the gambling-rooms of the Casino as soon as possible.

We had done the thing before, but under male chaperonage. Would the procedure be as easy for two lone women? It was not a matter of paying one or two francs for admission as at the Casinos of Nice or Cannes, for at Monte Carlo, in spite of the high prices of many things which are sold to strangers—picture postcards, lunches, and cooling drinks—much is offered free to the visitor.

Here entrance to the Casino costs the visitor nothing, but the formalities through which one must previously go are staggering to one who unknowingly imagines that the administration of this great establishment, which handles so much of other people's money, would put no restrictions on their willingness to get rid of it. But it does, though!

A Public Inspection

There is little danger of losing your way; you are passed on from hand to hand as Dutch cheeses are passed along by the stevedores on the quays of Rotterdam, and simply inspected in the process to see if you will finally pass muster. Otherwise you are gently rolled to one side. Finally you reach the long, narrow room to the left of the entrance, an apartment which is a cross between a police-court room and the operating room of a physician's clinic. The operations which go on therein complete the illusion. Here the final searchlight of publicity is cast over your personality, your features, and your dress alike. Nothing is sacred, your present and your past, so far as they can be learned by a cursory examination, are all passed in review.

Banked on either side of this inquisitorial room are tiers of what might in any other sort of financial institution be called clerks. All are seated in rows behind long desks or counters, and might, indeed, be detectives so far as the close scrutiny of your credentials goes. One of these asked us for our *cartes de visite*, which we handed over. One of us, looking not far over the school-girl age, caused the official to leave his pulpit-like desk and peer around the barrier to note the length of her skirts. "She is over eighteen?" he said, only half interrogatingly, and emphatically we set him right in his surmise. The regulations in this respect are as strictly observed as are the others, and no young girls under eighteen are supposed to be allowed to pass the portals, though certain it is that some have been permitted by their parents (or assisted, perhaps) to bluff their way boldly in. The Casino of Monte Carlo and its insidious, subtle *divertissements* are not for the *jeune fille*.

The Passport

At this point a scratchy French pen and violet ink begins to make traces on a formidable charge-sheet (again reminiscent of a police court), comprising such details as they succeeded in drawing from us with respect to our private life, our native land, our pre ent domicile, the name of the hotel at which we were residing, and other trifles too numerous to mention.

Another scribe at the right, who meanwhile had been observing us keenly, took the paper, and made a sort of recapitulation of the facts it set forth, and finally made out a *carte d'entrée*, a sickly orange-coloured affair with a name and number by which we were henceforth to be known, and a staring date and inscription to the effect that we were privileged to make use of the facilities off red by the Cercle des Etrangers, to lose our money over the green baize of the tables in the gorgeous *salles des jeux*. This we were required to sign on the back, which is difficult to do in a composed manner after such an ordeal—and then there are always that awful foreign ink and equally awful foreign pens to mitigate against a round, fair Spencerian hand.

We passed another pair of swinging doors, and were shunted off to the cloak-room, where we were stripped of our bags (except money bags), umbrellas, and kodaks, for which we were given a brass tally in return. It's free.

Not yet were we through with officialdom. At the entrance of the *salles des jeux* our *carte d'entrée* was scanned as though it might have been a counterfeit

The Red Rocks of Mentone, Just

Photo

Mentone is, comparatively speaking, the gayest of the Riviera towns just now, and the hotels have little cause for complaint. The Casino is doing far better than everyone expected, and the roller-skating has distinctly "caught on." The new links at Sospel are now connected with the town by a good motor-car service, and many golfers are taking advantage of it.

Now the Gayest of Riviera Towns

H. W. Nicholls

Mentone is situated round a large bay, bounded on the west by Cap St. Martin, and on the east by Mortola Point. Behind it rise mountains with grey limestone cliffs intermingled with sombre olive trees and stiff, straggling pines. The distinguishing feature of the neighbourhood is the abundance of lemon trees. The average annual yield amounts to thirty million lemons

bank-note, and was punched with a little diamond-shaped hole (always gold or diamonds or something of the sort at Monte Carlo), and, with a stentorian shout of "*Deux dames*," we were ushered into the gorgeous *salle* as if to a reception.

Inside at Last

At last we were actually within the unhallowed precincts. All was as quiet (by contrast, one may suppose) as a church. A cosmopolitan, almost mongrel crowd moved, half-shuffled, in or out, or from table to table, and around each expanse of green baize a specious crowd of all sorts and conditions of men and women, two, three, and four rows deep. They were of all ages, and all bore an equally intent and strained expression. Life was as intense as in the wheat-pit of Chicago at a scare period.

Constant Surveillance

Even inside one is unpleasantly conscious of being continually watched by well-dressed men in the frock coats of convention. They wander in and out among the crowd, giving each and all a sharp look in passing, a look which must cut a suspicious character like a knife. The feeling that you are being constantly watched by these men is exceedingly unpleasant.

These silent, grave, polite men might be mistaken for visitors like yourselves, and, indeed, that is just the impression they are intended to give. One particularly that we noted seemed less occupied and even more obsequious than any of the others, though, apparently, he took no pains to hide the fact that he was a familiar of the place. Well-clad, erect, well-groomed, with a close-clipped moustache nd c'osely trimmed grey hair, he might have been a business man from some far-away capital passing a dull afternoon at some great function that had no particular interest for him. Thus he wandered idly about from room to room, and we met him a dozen times in the hour that we were within.

On "the game" and its devotees, the haggard men and women, as bleary of eye as if they were dissipated by overfeeding and overdrinking, all working with little cards and little pencils in a vain endeavour to follow up some system, one need not enlarge. The story has been told before and often; there is nothing new to be said. There is no infallible rule to break the bank at Monte Carlo, and most of the reports to that effect are simply advertisements.

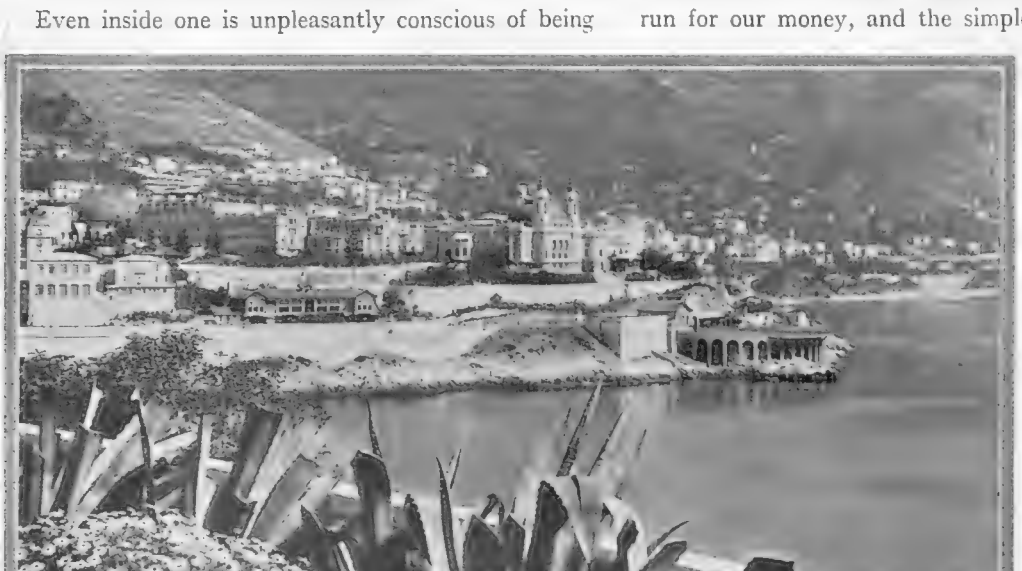
Of course we had our fling. Once having passed the portals it was no longer difficult; we were free to lose as much money as we had, or we might win a little, or even much. The bank would not worry either way; it was all in the day's work, and the law of average, if not the law of justice, is always on the side of the gold battalion.

The Polite Shadow

The insidious "wheel" looked to us to be the best run for our money, and the simple *rouge et noir* the least fatiguing play for inexperienced f males. At five francs a time you may back red or black to come up on the next turn of the wheel, and you may elevate or lower your hopes about once every three minutes. Fifteen minutes reduced the working capital of fifty francs with which we had decided to "plunge" to next to nothing, and the next fifteen minutes saw it all back again, and twenty francs over, when we withdrew. Turning away from the tables and strolling towards the exit, counting between us our ill-gotten gains, I dropped a louis, which quietly rolled out of sight. Our shadow, the erect, suave-looking individual, whom we had remarked before, just at that moment rose from a sofa-seat where he had been resting, stooped, and picked up our twenty francs. "Your good luck is evidently coming my way," he said; "you are looking for a gold piece which you just dropped, are you not?" He then gallantly handed over the coin, with the remark: "You know the legend, red wins sometimes, black often, and *blanc* always."

"Who is that gentleman?" we asked of a wa'ter an hour later as our chivalrous acquaintance of the Casino alighted from a magnificent touring car, accompanied by a lady and two children. "Why, that is Monsieur Blanc, the Concessionnaire of the Casino. You know the story, do you not? '*Le rouge gagne quelquefois, noir souvent et Blanc toujours.*'"

ISABEL FLOYD-JONES AND BLANCHE MCMANUS.



General View of Monte Carlo from the Sea

Although Englishmen are few and far between at Monte Carlo just now as a result of the General Election, the gay resort is very crowded. In the Casino there is never a seat to be had at the tables. The atrium holds a seething mass of people. The theatre is packed. The Sporting Club is always full, and there is not a vacant table at the Café de Paris at the hour of the *aperitif*

Night and a Winter Moon

CAMERA-STUDY OF SEA AND MOONLIGHT BY R. K. BURT

Pierrot Puffs

A PIROUETTE WHO IS DELIGHTING NEW YORK

MISS RUTTA STOCKETTO

Première danseuse, who recently made her début at the New Theatre, New York. Her dancing was greatly admired, and she promises to become one of the brightest stars in the corybantic constellation

THE MAN and the CAT

By Stephen Saint

THE atmosphere of the room was vitiated. Electric lights twinkled from odd corners. The fire burned brightly, and wreaths of smoke curled upwards from the pipes of the two men that sat before it. A large clock on the mantelpiece ticked vigorously, although its hands pointed to an hour that deceived no one but its utterly foolish and incompetent self. The room seemed to be full of snapshot photographs, billiard chalk, used envelopes, and good but exceedingly dusty chairs. It promised to look very unwholesome in the sunlight.

Between the two men before the fire lay a cat. It was an enormous Persian, and its fur was a fair imitation of chinchilla. Its ears lay back on its head, and its face had an apish appearance. The chin was even human. The big blue and yellow eyes stared steadfastly into the heat of the fire.

Neither man spoke until the pipe of the elder refused to smoke any longer. He knocked out the ashes and felt for his pouch.

"Hello, Jim, I've run out of baccy. How are you off?"

"Badly. I believe I'm smoking my last pipe." He produced his pouch and showed that it also was empty.

"Never mind. I'll run out and get some."

"I'll go, Bob. You've been waiting on me all the evening."

"Nonsense. I'm your host. I shan't be a minute." Bob scrambled out of his comfortable seat and picked up a cap.

"All right, old boy," said the other lazily. "Get plenty."

Jim Bevan, the man left behind, continued to smoke meditatively. Presently he felt a soft touch on his leg. He looked down and met the extraordinary eyes of the big cat. It mewed and showed a violently red mouth.

Bevan knocked it away. He hated cats, and this huge creature particularly. Had not his host, Bob Squire, been such a particular chum of his, he would not have sat in the same room with the odd animal.

The cat mewed again and padded lightly to the door, at which it scratched. Bevan guessed that it wished to follow its master, its devotion to whom was almost uncanny. A confirmed cat-hater himself, the fact that his friend tolerated the devotion of one of the species had always been a matter of surprise and even disgust to him.

Once more the cat pawed his leg, this time not so gently. Bevan tried to shake it off, but it clung to his trouser-leg, mewing. The man picked up a book and hit the animal lightly on the head. It drew back and crouched on the rug, its eyes flaming angrily.

Bevan half expected it to spring upon him, and waved his book menacingly. The cat ran to the door, and, scratching fiercely, set up a prolonged caterwauling.

Bevan muttered an imprecation under his breath, and flung Blackstone's Commentaries full at its head.

The cat was fairly hit and retreated from the door. For a few moments it crouched, looking first at Bevan and then at the door, its tail waving angrily. Then, like some mad thing, it again flung itself at the panels and tore at them furiously with its big claws.

"That's enough of that, you silly old grimalkin," growled Bevan. He got up and chased the cat away. The woodwork where it had been scratching was quite deeply scored.

The cat ran right away this time, and kept running excitedly round the furniture. Bevan watched it with considerable interest. Its hair was all on end, its tail erect, and it whined almost continually.

Bevan returned to his chair a little impatient at the length of time his friend had taken to perform his simple task. Immediately the cat made for the door, and recommenced its frantic scratching. The noise it made had by now got on Bevan's nerves, and he determined to silence the animal once and for all. The cat showed no sign of fear at his approach, but continued its unpleasant din. He gave it a gentle kick without producing any effect. For a moment he laid his hand on the handle of the door, and the cat immediately stopped scratching as if it waited for him to open it. The man was half inclined to let the creature have its way, as its uncanny excitement gave him a very uncomfortable feeling. But he reflected that it would almost certainly get lost or stolen, and he knew with what genuine affection his friend regarded it.

Again he kicked the cat. It spat at him, and vigorously continued its scraping. Shrugging his shoulders, Bevan returned to his chair. Hardly was he seated when the animal was again pawing at his leg, whining more miserably than before.

The cat's pawing filled Bevan with an unreasonable feeling of intense disgust. He could not look into its eyes without a shudder. He snatched up the poker. Instantly the cat was away, growling less miserably and more menacingly. It crouched some yards away, and just in time Bevan realised that it was going to spring at him. He dodged aside and the cat landed on his chair. Again it sprang from the chair straight at his throat. He struck out with the poker and just knocked the big beast down in time. The cat's mouth was foaming, and Bevan noticed with horror that his clothes were spattered.

Growing thoroughly out of temper at his friend's non-arrival he stood nervously expecting another leap. But the cat's head was turned towards the

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door. The animal was trembling, and, for a few minutes, silent. Then one appalling scream came from its throat. Again it flung itself upon the door, tearing frantically at the wood.

Bevan was, by now, thoroughly uncomfortable, and at a loss to account for the animal's behaviour. He noticed, too, that there was a strange scent in the air, attractive, even refreshing, not unlike ammonia. But the sight of the foaming animal was nauseating to him. Hurriedly he threw a cloth over the cat. In a moment the now thoroughly enraged beast had disentangled itself. Spitting fiercely, it crouched and sprang at his throat. Bevan knocked it down with the poker. He was trembling all over. The cat had surely gone mad. He would have to kill it.

It sprang again. Round he swung the poker with all his force, and hit the cat's head as a left-handed batsman punches a ball on the leg. The cat hurtled into the fireplace and lay limp on the fender.

Wiping his streaming forehead with his sleeve, Bevan nervously approached the body and prodded it. He hoped that the cat was only stunned. It showed no sign of life. He examined it more carefully. The animal's neck was broken.

For some time it was as much as Bevan could do to master his inclination to faint. The strange, fresh scent had no reviving effect on him. With a duster he removed the flakes of foam with which the dead brute had bespattered him, and then mixed and drank a strong brandy and soda. What explanation he could make to Bob Squire he did not know. It seemed absurd to relate that the cat had suddenly gone mad. Yet, to all appearances, that was precisely what had happened. Bevan was satisfied in his own mind that only by killing the animal had he saved himself from serious injury.

Bob had, by now, been gone over half an hour, and it should not have taken him more than five minutes to get to the tobacconist's and back.

Bevan was about to put on his hat and go out to see what had delayed his friend when the bell of the front door of the flat rang. Wondering if Bob had forgotten his keys, Bevan answered the bell. A policeman stood at the door.

"Does Mr. Robert Squire live here?"

"Yes. He is out at present."

"Are you related to him?"

"No. He is a friend of mine. Why do you ask?"

"Well, sir, a gentleman has just been run over by a motor-car, and the letters in his pocket bear this address."

"Good heavens! Is he seriously hurt?"

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid he's dead, sir."

. . . . . .

Simultaneously with a feeling of horror and grief, Bevan remembered the amazing conduct of his dead friend's cat. On hearing the terrible news he at once drove in a cab with the policeman to the station. Terribly battered and mangled though his friend was, he was easily able to identify him. Sticking out of the dead man's jacket pocket was a large tin of tobacco, badly dented. The sight of it added somehow to the horror of the experience. It was awful to look down upon this mis-shapen thing and reflect that but a few hours previously he had gripped its warm, strong hand in the grasp of friendship. He shuddered at his relief in escaping from the sight.

The hour was late and very few people were about. Bevan strode along with his hands in his pockets, an empty pipe in his mouth. He looked straight ahead of him, his mind absorbed with the tragedy of the evening. About his person he still seemed to carry the curious fragrance of the room in which he had been forced to kill the cat. Its mad eyes seemed continually to gaze into his. He recalled with a shudder the peculiar sensation he had experienced as his weapon struck the big, soft creature down to its death. Just such a feeling, he reflected, must have quivered through the body of the driver of the car that had slain his friend. That the cat, in some weird fashion, had instinctive knowledge of its master's fate he did not for a moment doubt. It was just the demoniacal cleverness and uncanny understanding of the feline tribe that had always repelled him.

As he turned the corner into the street in which he lived, he became conscious that he was being followed. He turned, and immediately something struck him in the leg, something that stung. The claws of a thin, grey cat were buried in his leg!

Bevan's cry was nearly a scream. He dragged the creature off and kicked it fiercely. Instantly something else fixed on his right calf. He swung his leg frantically, but a black cat had got a firm grip on it, and he had to drag it also off with his hands. As he bent two more leapt on his shoulders. Yelling for help, Bevan swept them off.

He turned and ran in terror, the grey cat clinging to his shoulders.

How he made his way to the front door of the block of flats wherein he lived he could not tell. He felt the cats following him stealthily. He felt warm blood trickling down his legs and neck. He dared not stop to rid himself of the creature that clung so tenaciously to his back. As he stopped at the door, nervously fumbling with the lock, the cats—there were now six of them—attacked him again. Two brutes on his shoulder were clawing at his face, when the door suddenly opened. He staggered inside, and with hands and feet set about his vicious attackers.

Four had managed to get inside. He wrenched them off his clothing, but the venomous beasts quickly got a fresh hold. The same strange scent allured his senses as when he had killed the big Persian.

He ran up the first flight of stairs, and threw up the landing window. Then, one by one, he wrenched the animals from his person and flung them out.

For some time after ridding himself of his persecutors he leant out of the window and inhaled the fresh air. His skin was tingling from a hundred scratches, and one nasty gash on his neck was bleeding copiously. The scent still clung to him. He felt inhuman.

He looked at his hands, which were scarred and gashed most horribly, and shuddered as if from fear. Quietly and nervously—as a man unfit for the society of his fellows—he crept upstairs and went into his rooms. He was glad that he had met no one. Somehow the abiding sensation left by the evening's experiences was one of shame.

. . . . . .

Some weeks later Bevan sat in his rooms writing. The day had been intensely hot. He had spent it on the river, and was still wearing his flannels. He was sipping ice-water as he wrote. An oculist by profession, he was engaged on an essay for a medical review.

(Continued on page 138)

Protecting a Deity

FROM THE INCLEMENCIES OF THE WEATHER!

THE ELEPHANT GOD READY FOR ALL WEATHERS!

This photograph shows in detail the patchwork overcoat in which the Burmese clothe the Elephant god. The garment is intended not only to protect the deity from the inclemencies of the weather, but to shield him from the gaze of curious unbelievers

(Continued from page 136)

The room was very quiet. Outside, rain streamed down in a black torrent, and occasionally thunder rumbled in the far distance. Bevan wrote on almost mechanically. His handwriting was extremely beautiful. He used his pen rather as an artist uses his silver pencil. Everything in the room, indeed, revealed its subservience to the master's artistic eye. A bowl of multi-coloured sweet peas stood in the centre of the writing-table.

A sharp knock at the door of the flat was greeted by Bevan with a gesture of annoyance. A boy had brought a telegram, and Bevan read its contents anxiously. It read as he expected. A near relative—the only relative he had left in the world—was at death's door. Would Bevan come at once?

The man had been seriously ill for some time, and

"One, two, and a third fastened upon him"

Bevan knew that this was a summons to a death-bed. Dismissing the boy, he returned to his room and looked out of the window. The night was very black, and it still rained heavily. It was an awful night to go out in, but Bevan quickly made up his mind.

He stripped off his flannels and changed into an old suit and stout boots. Then, snatching up an umbrella, he hastened downstairs.

He looked round anxiously for a cab. But, on such a night as this was, cabs were few and far between. His friend lived on the north side of Clapham Common, Bevan on the south side. He reflected that, even if he managed to get a cab, he would not arrive at his destination much quicker than if he walked over the Common. He, therefore, soon decided on the latter course.

It was a miserable walk. The night was pitch black, and, notwithstanding the constant rain, very warm. Bevan plugged through the slush very unhappily, his mind now on his dying relative, and now on his unfinished essay. He began to perspire freely, and his discomfort was increased by the rain soaking the legs of his trousers.

Soon he noticed that his progress was accompanied by a peculiar fragrance. He lit a pipe to relieve his nostrils, but still this strange odour pursued him. Suddenly he stopped, as sharply as if his heart had stopped beating.

The scent was the same as that he had encountered on the night he had slain the Persian cat!

With a shudder he realised that, in his hurry, he had put on the same suit he had worn on that hideous night and had never used since. He was half tempted to go back and discard the garments, but, remembering the object of his journey, he shrugged his shoulders as if to throw off his fears as ridiculous, and hurried on.

Still the madly intoxicating scent hung around him. Again he experienced the awful sensation of fainting. He bit on his pipe and almost ran.

Now—most horrible—came a repetition of the feeling that he was being pursued. He dared not turn round. His teeth chattered and his pipe fell to the ground. He did not dare to stop to pick it up, but strode fiercely on, battling with the mud and rain.

Then came the inevitable end of the sequence of horrors. Something flung itself upon his leg and he felt sharp claws in his flesh.

He did not cry out. By then he was expecting such a thing to happen. Lowering his umbrella, he forced the animal off and broke into a run.

Something ran past him and leapt at his throat. He struck at it with the umbrella but missed. With one hand he dragged a dripping wet cat from his waistcoat. This time he yelled at the top of his voice, and ran furiously.

One, two, and a third fastened upon him. He turned round, despairing, mad to kill. He got one under his heel, and crushed its head. Others fastened upon him. The night was twinkling with golden eyes.

Long he fought. He had no breath to cry out. With his kicks he sent several howling away. With his hands he wrenched at the necks of many of them. But when his body was born down by them, so that as soon as he was rid of one another leapt into its place, he did a mad thing.

He flung himself down and rolled on them. A surge swept over him. He rolled and rolled. He felt them tearing at his face, but his consciousness was going. Then he found himself in the water.

. . . . . .

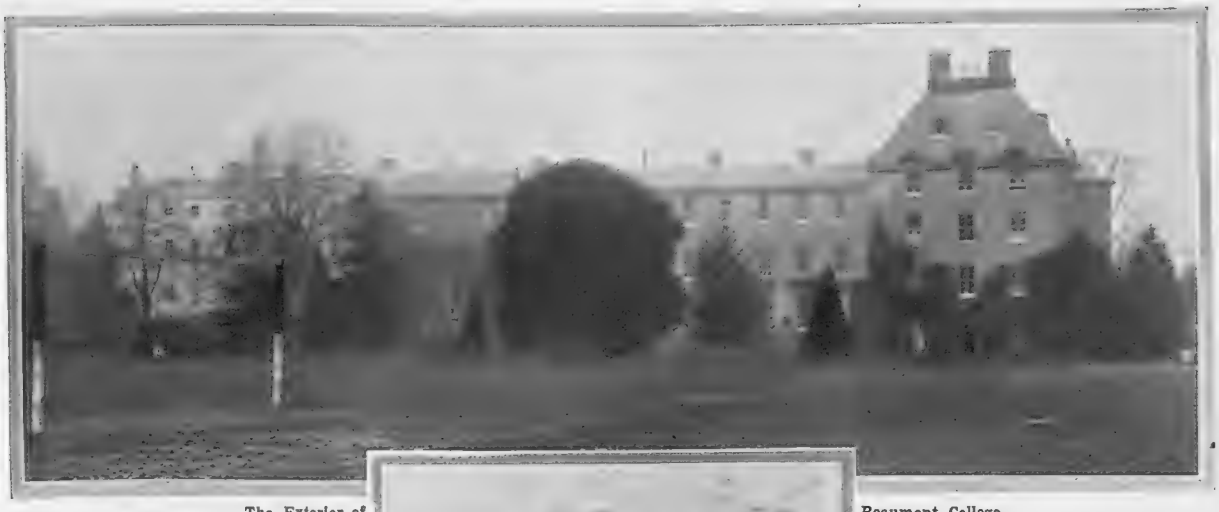
From the little island in the centre of one of the small pools on Clapham Common a man was rescued on the following morning. He was very, very wet, very scratched, and had but one eye and one ear.

STEPHEN SAINT.

NOTICE TO AUTHORS

All Stories submitted for the consideration of the Editor of "The Bystander" would, if accompanied by a brief resumé of the plot, enjoy a chance of an early decision. Many manuscripts reach this office daily, and the editorial time is limited.

Our Great Public Schools: No. XXIII.—Beaumont



The Exterior of Beaumont College
Beaumont celebrates its Jubilee next year, having been established in 1861. It is situated half-way between Windsor and Staines, and its surroundings are very beautiful

The Rev. Father Galton, S.J.
Rector of Beaumont College

OF the Public Schools directed by the Jesuit Order in England three are of paramount importance, Stonyhurst, Beaumont, and Mount St. Mary's. Beaumont celebrates its Jubilee next year, so that it will be seen that its foundation is comparatively modern. But in the course of fifty years' existence it has influenced Catholic life in England to a remarkable extent. It is a pet training-ground, one might say, for the Catholic aristocracy of Europe, and its scholastic and general triumphs have been glorious indeed.

The College is situated about half-way between Windsor and Staines on a slope of wooded hill rising from the Thames. The surrounding country is beautiful in the extreme, and no doubt the "atmosphere" of the College has been largely influenced by its proximity to Windsor Castle and Eton. The Royal park abuts on the estate to the west, and in this connection it is interesting to recall that the late Queen Victoria visited the College in person on three occasions. King Alfonso and King Manuel, among many foreign princes, have also been interested visitors to the School.

The estate, which covers 200 acres, passed through the hands of many famous people, including Lord Weymouth, Sophia, Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Roxburghe, the Duke of Cumberland, and Warren Hastings, before the Jesuits purchased it. The buildings, which are dignified and spacious, are magnificently equipped, a feature being a theatre with a splendidly fitted stage.

The Jesuits' method of training is well known, and at Beaumont it prevails in its most perfect form. The teacher stands *in loco parentis*, boys very rapidly arrive at a stage where they have a genuine affection for their studies, and individualism is keenly encouraged. It is by no means an uncommon thing for men trained at Jesuit schools to continue their Latin and Greek reading in later life, purely as a recreation, even when engaged in the world of commerce. This indicates very forcibly that their inculcation was in the beginning gentle, and made as pleasant as possible.

Every healthy sport is indulged in by the boys, including rowing, and the School has, in particular, turned out some fine cricket teams. Mr. C. E. de Trafford, the famous Leicestershire bat, is an

Almeric Wood
Head of School

Phillip Myburgh
Captain of Football

old Beaumontian. But there is one feature of the athletic training administered at Beaumont that is almost unique. The boys are taught not only to shoot, but to ride. (German invaders travelling *viâ* Windsor will get a hot reception from the Beaumont Irregular Horse.) The training, moreover, is not confined to riding and jumping. The boys are instructed in the points of a horse, shown how to judge its age, and even how to shoe and harness it. This is real patriotic training, and typical of the Jesuit Order, who, I have generally found, are "walking Union Jacks." The School contingent of the Officers Training Corps is a very smart unit.

Beaumont College: The Chapel

Many distinguished men of to-day look back with pleasure on their schooldays at Beaumont. In Literature the College is represented by Mr. Bernard Capes, Mr. C. E. W. Jerningham, Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, who translated Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* for the Haymarket Theatre, and Mr. Edmund Gardner, the great authority on Dante. Mr. G. Gilbert Scott, who at the age of twenty-three was elected in open competition as architect of the new Liverpool Cathedral, now approaching completion, was at Beaumont. Sir John Knill, the present Lord Mayor of London, is another distinguished *alumnus*. At Law Beaumont is represented by the Hon. Charles Russell, and many famous judges and pleaders. The Army and Navy are well peppered with brilliant Beaumontians, and in this connection it is interesting to recall that, according to Sir Evelyn Wood, whose sons were Beaumont boys, in the South African War Beaumont had 120 officers at the front. Forty-three of them were mentioned in dispatches and seven earned the D.S.O. Other interesting *alumni* are Prince Alfonso d'Orleans Bourbon, Don Jaime of Bourbon (son of the late Don Carlos), the Earl of Granard (perhaps the next Irish Viceroy), the Duke of Alba and Berwick, and, according to the *Catholic Who's Who*, Cardinal Merry del Val, the Pope's Secretary of State.

The makers of man are his parents, his school, and himself. No boy ever left Beaumont College without owing his *alma mater* a debt for ever unrepayable. And there is surely no old Beaumontian who would not like to live his schooldays over again at the College on the hill.

Beaumont College: St. John's, the Junior School

"The Rock in the Road"

CARRICK-A-REDE BRIDGE AND CHASM—AN IRISH LANDMARK

Carrick-a-rede Bridge and Chasm is on the North Coast of Ireland, between Ballintry and Ballycastle, in County Antrim. The name is Celtic, and means "The Rock in the Road." The chasm that separates the two cliffs is 80ft. deep, and where the rope bridge is stretched across 60ft. wide. Without the bridge there would be no crossing to the farther rock, as they are on land quite separate from the main shore. The salmon fishers in the neighbourhood made the bridge in order to have access to a particularly good place for intercepting the fish on their way past. Anyone unused to this style of bridge would find the crossing disagre able in the extreme, but the fishermen, who are used to it, do not mind it at all

A DAY WITH THE RED FLAG HUNT

A FORECAST OF WHAT MAY SOME DAY HAPPEN TO THE NATIONAL SPORT

"My old scarlet coat and top-hat were amusing the people"

I GOT back to England early in November, 1925, after a prolonged spell in the innermost depths of West Africa. Ten years before I had shaken off the dust of the old country with some amount of disgust. Just previously a tremendous election had convulsed the whole land, and the Socialists had been returned to power with a big majority.

On arriving home I saw an announcement in one of the papers that the Red Flag Hounds would meet at the dear old spot, Kirby Gate, on the following day. What memories that recalled! Ever an ardent foxhunter in the old days, something of the fever seized me when the magical name of Kirby Gate met my eye. I knew that things were sadly changed, that the Quorn was now known as the Red Flag Hunt. But I determined to have another gallop with the hounds.

In London I knew where I could lay hands on my old hunting kit. I found it still was serviceable, and so, having sent a telegram to the livery stables at Melton to reserve a horse for me, I set out early that memorable Monday morning for one more day over the grass. At the stables my horse was shown to me. Not quite the sort I used to get, I thought, but my complaint was promptly met with the remark that it was the best horse they had in the yard. All the others, it seemed, had been commandeered by the members of the Red Flag Hunt. As I jogged along quietly to the meeting-place I could see that my appearance, apparently my old scarlet coat and top-hat, was amusing the people. I noticed that the horsemen I passed on the road were all in motley attire. Never had I seen such a weird collection of bowler hats and cloth caps. There were all kinds of rat-catcher garbs. Some men in tremendous checks reminded me of the songs Chevalier used to sing. Here and there were cars and traps heavy with men similarly clad, who were driving to the meet apparently in the highest spirits, singing and shouting witticisms to each other as they passed.

At last I arrived at the old meeting-place, and was in good time. No hounds or scarlet coats brightened the landscape, but the crowd of horsemen grew larger and noisier every minute. Wondering what had become of all the smart people one used to see at Kirby Gate on an opening day of old, I got into conversation with a man who looked like a retired groom. And, as a matter of fact, he told me that he had been in a hunting-stable years ago, and could not resist coming out with hounds whenever he had the chance. Though what a difference there was!

His companionship cheered me a little. I was thirsting for information. I told him I was practically a stranger in the land, having been away from England for many years.

"Ah," he said, "why, that accounts for it. That is why you're in them clothes. We haven't 'ad a red coat in the field for many a long day."

"And how's that?" I asked.

"Why, don't you know? After the Socialist Government had been going for a year or two they decided that 'unting was an aristocrat's game. When they abolished the 'Ouse of Lords they also thought they would do away with 'unting."

"But, it seems," I said, "they didn't—not quite."

"No, you're right, not quite. But instead of several packs in every county there's now only a 'unt here and there. Some of the working-men Members of Parliament stuck out big for 'unting. It fair surprised me. Grayson, the Prime Minister, was

"'Lord Badminton?' replied my friend scornfully; 'my word, you are out of it. Why, there haven't been any lords these seven years'"

against it. But they shouted him down. They said that because a man was a British workman there was no reason why he should not 'ave a ride over the country whenever he wanted to. And after a lot of palaver the Government reckoned they would run the 'unt themselves."

"The Master shouts vainly to them to hold hard, and is roundly cursed for his trouble"

"And so," I said, "this Red Flag Hunt now belongs to the State?"

"That's right; and a fine mess they're making of it. We don't get any of the old crowd here now. All the old 'unting people were long since disgusted with the sport under the Socialists, and those who've got any money left spend most of their time out of England."

Just then a motor-car came up overloaded with five or six passengers.

"There's the Master," exclaimed the ex-groom. "He's John Badminton. One of the old sports, he is. Too fond of 'unting to give it up even under these conditions. Will do anything for 'unting. And as he knew all about the game, the Socialists asked him to take charge of this pack."

Something about the newcomer's features seemed familiar to me.

"Why, surely that is Lord Badminton," I said.

"*Lord* Badminton?" replied my friend scornfully; "my word, you *are* out of it. Why, there haven't been any lords here these seven years. Don't you know that the lords were done away with altogether, and we don't have any 'andles to our names now? They're all Misters, like me and you."

I learnt afterwards that the rough-looking companions of the Master in the motor-car were Socialist foot-followers of the Red Flag Hunt, who had stopped the car on the road and had insisted on Badminton giving them a lift to the meet.

The hounds came up shortly afterwards, and then what a scene of excitement and confusion. The crowd rushed to get a look at the pack, and soon horsemen and pedestrians were mixed up in indescribable disorder. It resembled a miniature Bedlam. Somehow or other the hounds at last were got clear of the swearing, shouting, excited crowd, and taken to a convenient covert. The whole horde followed.

What looked to me suspiciously like a bag fox broke away from the covert, and there ensued a tremendous rabble. Goodness knows where the riders had got their horses from, or how on earth they had managed to acquire enough ability to stick in their saddles. Apparently these things had been easy to Socialistic sportsmen with the State at their back. At the same time they had never learnt fair play to hounds, and as soon as the pack hung on the line the roughriders were among them at once, seemingly determined upon catching the fox themselves.

The Master shouts vainly to them to hold hard. He, poor man, is roundly cursed for his trouble. Sportsmen (oh! shades of Meynell and Osbaldeston!) tell him that they have come out for a run, and they are blooming well going to have it. "Ain't it all paid for by the Government?" they ask. "Ain't we to have our rights?"

Amid all the confusion the bag-man comfortably escapes. The huntsman says, "Scent is rotten; we shall have no sport to-day."

"Won't we?" cries one of the field, who, it appears, is a Member of Parliament. "Won't we? We'll see."

"Hi! Bill," he calls to a companion, "where's that bag of aniseed? Ride on with that smell of yours; we'll soon see if we can't have a run."

With this Bill rides on, trailing the aniseed behind him. Hounds were laid on to run like fury, and the Socialists are able to gallop to their hearts' content.

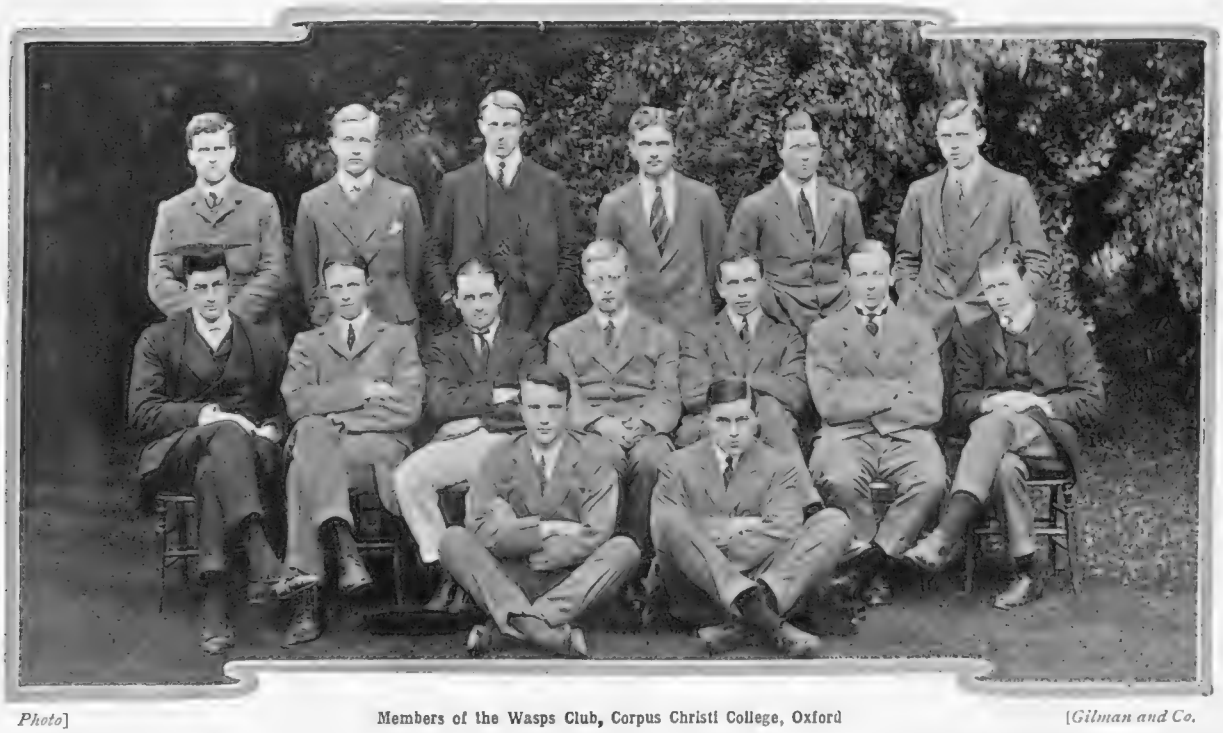
"I left them breaking down fences and riding roughshod everywhere"

I left them breaking down fences and riding roughshod everywhere. The scene was too painful. I turned my horse's head homeward, and that was the last day I shall have with the hounds in England. I go back to West Africa next week. ARTHUR W. COATEN.

Famous College Clubs

No. XII.—THE WASPS, CORPUS CHRISTI, OXFORD

THOUGH lacking the great and noble traditions associated with the older kindred societies of larger colleges, the Wasps of Corpus Christi holds a prominent position among college social clubs at Oxford. Founded in January, 1894, and thus one of the youngest of its kind, it has scarce had time to win much distinction through those whose names are writ on its membership roll. Yet, as once claiming such men as V. H. Cartwright, the famous "Rugger" Blue, and A. J. Hales, the Rowing Blue, the club has something to be proud of in a short history of less than twenty years. The formation of the club arose purely then, representative in every way of the athletic and social life of the college, as the following names will testify: Messrs. G. O. W. Willink (President), G. W. B. Wright (Vice-President), son of Judge Wright; P. J. Patrick (Hon. Secretary), L. F. Nalder, G. D. Mackworth, C. L. Reid, D. W. A. Hankey, R. W. Dugdale, T. H. Flynn, E. M. H. Lloyd, C. R. Haigh, W. W. Young, H. S. Smith, W. M. Ogle. A dining and wine club—not synonymous by any manner of means, as in the popular imagination, with gambling—it dines together twice a term in Hall, and after this repast partakes of dessert and participates



Photo] **Members of the Wasps Club, Corpus Christi College, Oxford** [*Gilman and Co.*

D, W. A. Hankey, R. W. Dugdale, L. F. Nalder, T. H. Flynn, C. L. Reid, A. M. Shaw (top row), C. Bushell, G. W. B. Wright, G. Brown, H. E. L. Porter, G. O. W. Willink, T. Bourdillon, F. F. Madan (second row), E. M. H. Lloyd, and P. J. Patrick

out of a "rag," and its earliest members, twenty-one in all, were as follows: Messrs. J. L. Williams (First President), G. E. Jackson (Second President), W. Sanger (Third President), J. L. Tombleson, H. Coupland, the late C. F. Balfour, E. F. Willis, M. L. Waller (now one of the Prison Commissioners), H. Braidwood, A. H. Vernede, A. W. Smallwood (President in 1896), C. R. Caldecott, P. G. Pipon, P. L. Barker, F. M. Raikes, the late G. J. Tindall, H. O. Stutchbury, W. D. Burnyeat (late M.P. for Whitehaven), the Rev. C. R. Deakin, the Rev. R. F. Calloway, and the Rev. R. F. Wilson. These formed the college "set," and it is worthy of note that the first three Presidents were all captains of the boats: Mr. Williams, 1892-94; Mr. Jackson, 1894-95; and Mr. Sanger, 1895-96. In the early days the membership was quite unlimited, and every "decent" fellow possessed of the necessary means could secure election to the society. The membership is now strictly limited to twenty, and the club is to-day, as it was in bridge in the rooms of one of its members. It is compulsory upon every member to be present on at least one of these occasions. Honorary members have the right to dine with the club, but at their own expense. Guests are also invited, each member being compelled to bring one, not of his own college, under penalty of a bottle of port. These guests are so far honoured in that they are toasted individually by name after the King, the only other toast permitted. In common with most other college clubs, Freshmen are ineligible for membership. For election a majority of two-thirds of the members is necessary, and three black balls exclude. The elections are held twice annually, at the beginning of Michaelmas and at the end of the summer term. In conclusion, one may mention that the club is recognised by the authorities, that its colours are red, chocolate, and gold, but that no distinctive uniform is adopted by members for their dinners, regulation evening-dress alone obtaining.

R. C. R.

"The Bystander" OUTDOOR LIFE SECTION.

GOLF NOTES. By ERNEST LEHMANN

Long Driving

In *The Six-Handicap Golfer's Companion*, which I reviewed last week, I noted one or two points which pressure of space prevented me from going into in detail. Among such points I particularly marked some passages bearing on the vexed problem of how a player may best become a long driver. It is fairly obvious that, *ceteris paribus*, the long driver will prevail over the short driver in a match. Therefore, quite apart from the exhilaration of a real "hummer," it is the aim and object of the beginner to achieve the art of propelling the ball from the tee to such a distance that he may join the ranks of long drivers and enjoy all the pleasures and privileges which his brevet in that exalted army will confer upon him. The authors of the *Companion* say that they are quite sure "that many players have it in their power to get a very much longer ball." They then proceed to discuss the means by which this desirable end may be attained. At the very outset I am compelled to differ from them.

Golf on the Continent
A group outside the club-house at Hyères

The Stance

They lay down as the proper distance between the feet in the stance for driving a space of 9in. to 12in. as likely to give the best results. This may be an excellent stance for an approach shot, but I venture strongly to doubt whether it will ever enable a player to become a long driver or to play any of his full shots with power and certainty. I should say that the minimum space between the feet, measured from heel to heel, should not be less than 18in. I remember, when I first played with Mr. Lassen a good many years ago, being struck by the extreme narrowness of his stance for tee and full shots. As years went on his stance gradually broadened, with perceptibly good results in the length and direction of his shots. Let players take a tape measure and note the distance of 9in. to 12in. recommended in the *Companion*, and I am convinced the vast majority will recognise that the stance is impossibly contracted for the purposes of long and powerful driving. I am quite sure that none of the long and certain drivers of to-day stand with their feet so close

The Supreme Moment: The Oxford Occasionals on the Point of Scoring One of their Goals against Cambridge Wanderers

This hockey match, at Surbiton on January 11, was interesting as being a trial of strength between past members of the rival 'Varsities. It was somewhat unfortunate that Cambridge were a man short, but, after being four goals to the bad at half-time, they rallied towards the end, and were only beaten by 4—2 after a capital match, in which the veteran goal-keeper, C. W. How, of East Sheen, made several good "saves" for Oxford

together. A good, firm stance is a *sine quâ non* for driving. It should not be too wide, but of just such a width as to give the player a feeling of easy security and power.

The Grip

Then at the end of their discussion on the methods for attaining the art of long driving the authors come to the question of the grip. They recommend the V-shaped grip. By this they mean the grip in which "the right hand is turned over so that the space between the forefinger and thumb of both hands is in a direct line down the shaft." This is a perfectly good grip for most purposes, but it is certainly not the grip for long driving. I refer, of course, to the position of the right hand. I have paid particular attention, in watching Amateur and Open Championships, to the position of the right hand among the foremost players and longest drivers. Nearly everyone of them has his right hand either slightly or pronouncedly gripping under. Robson is an exception, but his grip is now so exaggerated in the opposite sense that his recent failures may be almost directly attributed to this eccentricity. It does not follow that because the right hand grips under it is necessary to grip with the palm and not the fingers. The finger-grip should be carefully maintained with the right hand gripping rather under. Again I ask any of my readers to grip with the right hand as the authors suggest, and then as I have just explained, and then see which grip gives them the greater sense of power. I am quite sure of their answer, and I am positive that one of the secrets of long driving is the under-grip with the right hand.

Lady Exeter (on right) and the Misses Woodforde
Lady Exeter is wife of the Master of the private pack hunting from Burghley House, Stamford

HUNTING AND POLO

Significant Hunt Changes

A feature of the present season seems to be the alacrity with which men are coming forward to fill the vacant Masterships. It has been stated that there were no fewer than ten applications for one vacancy—the South Berks—while the South and West Wilts Hunt, which had some difficulty in finding a new leader last season, have had no trouble this time. Elsewhere, the Kildare, the Berwickshire, the Surrey Union, the Essex Union, and other Masterships have been quickly and suitably filled. What does all this mean? Is there any political significance in the exceptional readiness of sportsmen just now to take upon themselves the duties of Mastership? That office, as is well known, is sometimes "not all lavender." Can it be that foxhunters are anticipating a relief from the unsettling influence of the late Government, and are looking forward to a more prosperous time under a new *régime?* It looks uncommonly like it.

The New Wiltshire M.F.H.

A keen young sportsman is he who will hunt the South and West Wilts country next season. The son of a large landowner in Suffolk, Mr. Richard Bower, of Stradishall Place, Newmarket, has shown capital sport for four seasons in the old-established Newmarket and Thurlow country, which about eighty years ago had a rare sportsman for its M.F.H. in Squire Osbaldeston. Mr. Bower's experiences of foxhunting are by no means confined to the Newmarket district, which, of course, is far more famous for the quality of its racing than its foxhunting. He has hunted with more than fifty different packs, so will take a varied and ripe knowledge of the Chase to Wiltshire. Mr. Bower will find his new country more attractive, from the riding and hunting standpoint, than the district he is about to leave, where, perhaps, there is too much game for the true advantage of foxes.

Our Polo Challenge

America's answer to England's challenge for the International Polo Championship places the Hurlingham Committee in something of a quandary. None of us is too fond of being vigorously hustled, and I take it that our polo committee will not enjoy the necessity of making up their minds to challenge a month earlier than had been intended. Remembering the fact that Hurlingham accepted America's challenge in 1909 exactly two months before the first International match was played, I really think the American Polo Association might have stretched a point and allowed a similar concession to our people. But possession is nine-tenths of the law, and now that America has regained the Polo Cup after many years one can understand her reluctance to give anything away. It now remains to see whether Hurlingham can by the end of May foresee their way to getting together a suitable team and ponies to go to New York in August or September. It is not an enviable situation. If the Committee do send a team and it fails, they will be told that they ought to have waited a year! If they decide not to challenge they will be called weak-kneed and pusillanimous! In polo circles there seems to be wanting a little *esprit de corps.* Without that, any attempt to win back the "pot" from America is surely foredomed to failure. A. W. C.

The English Cricketers in South Africa: A Bloemfontein Group

M.C.C. VERSUS FIFTEEN OF ORANGE RIVER COLONY AT BLOEMFONTEIN: THE TEAMS

The M.C.C. won this match by two hundred runs, thanks to the fine batting by M. C. Bird and Hobbs, and fine bowling by the latter and Blythe. The M.C.C. team was composed of Messrs. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, Hobbs, Rhodes, Denton, Woolley, F. L. Fane, Buckenham, M. C. Bird, N. C. Tuffnell, Blythe, and Strudwick; and the O.R.C. Fifteen represented by Messrs. Scott-Green, Richardson, Fichardt, King, Burne, Sennett, Baumgartner, Hudson, Budgen, Brown, Lieut. Wyatt, Barlow, Fraser, Wise, and Hill

RACING AND RUGBY FOOTBALL

RACING NOTES

The King at Aintree

His Majesty the King is very fond of cross-country racing of the best class, and never misses seeing a Grand National if it can be helped. He experienced the joy of leading in the winner of this great race when Ambush II. carried the Royal colours to an immensely popular victory. Some months later Diamond Jubilee won the Derby. No other owner before or since has had the distinction of winning the Grand National and the Derby in the same season. Indeed, I am under the impression that no owner of a Grand National winner excepting His Majesty has ever had the good fortune to win the Epsom Derby as well. The King likes to see his colours carried in the big Liverpool race; but he has had several severe disappointments since Ambush II.'s success. He purchased Moifaa at a very big figure in the hope that the Australian horse would win a second National, but he cut up wretchedly. Flaxman, entered in His Majesty's name again this season, has proved a difficult horse to train up to the present, as more than once he has broken down badly just when his trainer, Mr. "Tommy" Lushington, thought that he had the horse at the top of his form.

A Famous Trio

Among other interesting entries for the race are Mr. G. C. Assheton Smith's famous trio, Cackler, Jerry M, and Holy War. You will recall how disgusted their owner was with the handicapping of the first two horses last year. He promptly scratched the "whole fleet" as soon as he saw the weights. I don't know that Mr. Assheton Smith enjoyed a great deal of sympathy in his rather hasty proceeding; at all events, his horses are likely to have just as much weight to carry this time as they were apportioned a year ago, and he will scarcely repeat his emphatic protest. No doubt the elections this week will have an unfortunate effect upon the various race-meetings, but for those who go racing there promises to be some interesting sport. At Newbury on Wednesday the United Hunts Cup should prove a very sporting affair, and I anticipate the success of **Stag's Head.** The Sefton Steeplechase on the same afternoon may be won by **Belus.** On the following day **Eaton Lad** seems to me to be a fairly good thing for the Berkshire Hurdle Race; and for the Winchester Steeplechase I recommend **Simon Passe.** CARBINE.

THE RUGBY INTERNATIONAL

After Twelve Years

So England has done it at last! And done it under conditions which are ordinarily supposed to be more favourable to Wales. Allowing for those conditions—for the greasy state of the ball and the ground—both teams played finely, but I find it somewhat difficult to wax really enthusiastic over a game which positively bristled with penalties. It is a melancholy reflection that a side nowadays, if it does not wish to be "let down," must be for ever running the risk of being "pulled up," and that the better the class of the play the more often is the referee's whistle heard. Apparently it must be so until the laws are altered or penalties made more severe. Although England won by a margin of six points, I do not think there was anything to choose between the sides; each crossed the other's line twice, and England's extra points were made up of a penalty goal and a place-kick, for both of which she is indebted to Chapman. In the second half our men were obviously trying to sit on their lead rather than add to their score, and they were pretty hard put to it most of the time. With a little more luck Wales might have scored twice on the right wing, and if the two teams were to play again I should not care to back either for level money. The credit of England's victory belongs largely to the forwards, who were splendid in the loose; but they did not get the ball nearly as often in the scrum as their rivals. However, this was neutralised by Gent and Pillman, who between them managed to make Owen's life a burden to him; in fact, Pillman played his part as a winger to perfection, and his quickness on the ball helped to disturb the equanimity of the Welsh backs, who were certainly not as cool and collected as usual. Solomon's try was a clever one, but he made the mistake of attempting the same ruse again and again, with the result that Poulton was virtually starved. A feature of the match was the play of the full-backs. Bancroft was great, and when I say that Johnson was almost his equal I am praising him highly. The win will do English football a lot of good, and we may take it as a good omen that the first International on the Rugby Union's new ground (and oh! ye gods, *what* a ground!) has gone the right way.

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The Advantages of Sloping Grounds

The flat garden is at a great disadvantage as compared with one on uneven ground. The latter, whether the natural slope is left unchanged or emphasised, or whether the terrace arrangement is adopted, offers far better opportunities for effective planting, while the work of drainage is much simplified, for the surface-water may be run into a pond. This is a very important point. In this climate the gardener's chief difficulty in winter is to protect his plants, not from frost, but from damp, and when the ground is flat it gives him little help. From a terrace or a sharp slope, however, water runs quickly away, and in consequence many plants which would be killed in a damp border may be grown there in safety. Of course, exposure to keen east or north winds has an injurious effect on vegetation, but even it is less deadly than a moist and stagnant atmosphere with a low temperature.

Flowering Shrubs All the Year Round

Flowering shrubs are as essential in the garden as herbaceous perennials, and there are so many beautiful kinds that it is a pity to grow inferior ones. Colour is generally the quality which influences a purchaser in making a selection, but what is even more important is the time when the flowers are produced, otherwise they may all come at once, leaving a blank for the rest of the year. Among the earliest shrubs to flower are Chimonanthus fragrans, Daphne mezereum, Jasminum nudiflorum, Rhododendron dauricum and laurustinus; in March we get Pyrus japonica, Magnolia conspicua, the forsythias, and the almond; in April, Deutzia gracitis, the weigelias (of which Eva Rathks is about the best), Kerria japonica, Berberis aquifolium, Magnolia purpurea, and the cherries; in May, June, and July so large a number that it is almost impossible to choose the best; in August, Leycesteria formosa, Magnolia grandiflora, and the yellow Spanish broom; in September, Clethra alnifolia, Escallonia rubra, and Hybiscus syriacus; and in October and November, Arbutus unedo, with several of the shrubs that also flower at the beginning of the year, especially the laurustinus. It will thus be seen that, with shrubs alone, it is possible to have flowers throughout the twelve months.

H. C. Davdson.

"Garden and Lawns" is the title of the new seed catalogue issued by Messrs. James Carter and Co., of High Holborn, London. Though the lawn is ordinarily considered a part of the garden, the differentiation here is doubtless due to the fact that the firm have gained an unrivalled reputation for their grass seeds. In other directions they have been equally successful. To mention only two of their recent triumphs, they were awarded the Royal Horticultural Society's gold medal for their Japanese Garden at the Holland House Show last year, and their sweet peas won the National Sweet Pea Society's gold medal both in 1908 and 1909. The catalogue, which will be sent free to all applicants, is finely illustrated from photographs, the coloured illustrations of cactus cinerarias being especially charming. We notice that Messrs. Carter offer seed of the new hybrid gerberas, which, as was stated in The Bystander at the time, were one of the chief attractions at the last Temple Show. As these plants are sure to become popular, there should be a strong demand for the seed.

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MOTORING BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Magisterial Vagaries

By the time this number of THE BYSTANDER is in the hands of its readers the issue of the great electoral battle now in progress will probably be fairly defined. It is regrettable that we cannot do something to send into the cold shades of obscurity and unemployment some of those ornaments of the magisterial bench who from time to time contribute gratuitously to the amusement and amazement of the public. The latest recorded instance comes from Brentford, a place not entirely unknown in automobile annals, and concerns the refusal of the Bench to hear a summons against the driver of a motor-car for exceeding the speed-limit. After much wordy warfare and several adjournments, the magistrates finally issued a warrant for the arrest of the defendant, in spite of the fact that through his solicitor he had intimated his willingness to plead guilty to the offence. It seems impossible to fathom the reason which actuated the worthy legislators, unless on the assumption that they regard motorists as members of the criminal classes, who must at all times be treated with the most drastic severity of the law. Always prompt to do the right thing when the interests of any of its members are outraged, the Automobile Association took up the case, and commissioned Mr. Danckwerts, K.C., and Mr. Harker to apply to the High Court to quash the warrant. After argument the Divisional Court were unanimous that in the circumstances the defendant had been sufficiently represented, and that the Bench were bound to hear the case. The warrant was thereupon quashed, and the personal dignity of the motorist protected to some extent, but one wonders how long the needless expense and annoyance occasioned by the crass perversity of certain gentlemen clothed in a little brief authority will be tolerated by a meek and long-suffering people.

Motoring in the Flowery Land

Mr. M. Spencer Smith, of Yokohama, adorns his De Dion car with a bevy of Geisha beauty

Time Changes

I have been looking through some of the more comprehensive reviews of the principal doings in motordom last year which have appeared in the technical Press since THE BYSTANDER epitomised the same subject at the end of December. It is, in a sense, almost melancholy to reflect that the stirring, strenuous competitions of the brave days of old have in all probability passed away for ever. To one who was in the thick of the fray when the various contests for the Gordon Bennett Cup, the Ardennes Circuit, the Tourist Trophy, and the host of minor functions which abounded all over Europe were in full swing, the many very pleasant recollections which crowd upon the mind are coloured with a very natural feeling

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of regret that the educative *raison d'être* for these reunions having been attained their abolition follows in natural sequence. The abandonment of the Irish Reliability Trials this year marks another milestone on the road of progress, though doubtless many amateurs as well as professional competitors will recall with a sigh the genuine, warm-hearted hospitality and *camaraderie* which always characterised the motor doings in the Emerald Isle. It is just possible that the inauguration of aviation meetings in selected districts may do something to revive the glories that are gone, and, of course, we have a strong, and it is to be hoped permanent, asset in the Weybridge track. The Scottish Automobile Club, whose motto is "gang warily," will also be to the fore again with their annual reliability run in June, while in the domain of marine motoring the Motor Yacht Club and the British Motor Boat Club promise excellent programmes provocative of highly interesting sport. Socially, the best interests of motorists have been well looked after by the series of provincial meetings organised by the Royal Automobile Club, and very hearty thanks are due to H.S.H. Prince Francis of Teck as President, and Mr. J. W. Orde as Master of Ceremonies in general, for the delightful manner in which these gatherings have been conducted.

Motoring in Japan

We illustrate this week a 12-14 h.-p. four-cylinder De Dion car, photographed by its owner, Mr. M. Spencer Smith, of the Rising Sun Petroleum Company, of Yokohama. Mr. Spencer Smith writes that the picture was taken at Aomori, the northernmost town of the main island of Japan, and that the ladies who are grouped in and around the car are Japanese Geisha, who had been officiating at a banquet in the restaurant seen in the background. It is interesting to learn that the importation of cars is rapidly increasing in Japan, and that the types most suitable are of medium power and short wheel-base, the at present unsatisfactory state of the roads and the denseness of the population rendering high-powered engines practically useless.

The "Flying Eighteen"

The Bedford Motor Company, of Bedford House, Long Acre, W.C., are specialising with this build of car, which is known as the Ajax type

Motorists and the Revenue

The Motor Union has been taking up the question of the payment of the carriage-tax on motor-cars for the year 1910. The position appears to be that there is a legal obligation to pay the existing tax of £2 2*s*. or £4 4*s*. on motor-cars and 15*s*. on motor-cycles before the end of January, but if the Finance Bill of 1909 is passed into law motorists may be called upon to pay an increased tax. The decision of Parliament will not, however, have been arrived at by the date by which the next taxes are payable. If motorists, therefore, pay on the existing taxation and the Budget proposals of the late Government are passed into law, it will involve, apparently, a great deal of correspondence, both to the officials responsible for the collection of the tax and to the motorists, in ascertaining and paying the difference between the new and the old taxation. On the other hand, if motorists delay taking out their Inland Revenue licences beyond the month of January they are liable to prosecution for non-compliance with the existing Acts. Under these circumstances an application to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue was made, requesting permission to withhold payment pending the decision of Parliament. This has not been accorded, so that the matter remains in *statu quo*; but as there is just a chance that the aforesaid financial proposals of the late Government may not be confirmed, there need be no great heart-burning over the Commissioners' decision.

Miscellanea

Congratulations are due to the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, Ltd., on the occasion of its recognition by the Kaiser. The world-famed rubber Company has received, from His Majesty the German Emperor, the Gold State Medal for Industrial Achievements. This medal was struck, by Royal decree of October 22, 1849, for the purpose of bestowing a token of public recognition upon Germans who might distinguish themselves by honourable achievements in their trade, or render particular service to any trade by useful inventions, scientific activity, or by other labours of public benefit. The medal was presented to the three directors of the great firm, Kommersienrat Seligmann, Dr. Gerlach, and Herr Willy Tischbein.

Lord Roberts has driven a six-cylinder Noiseless Napier since 1907, thus patronising the best make of car and one that is British-built throughout.

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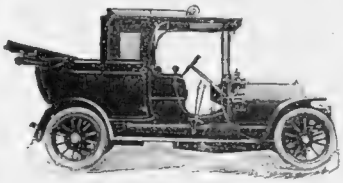

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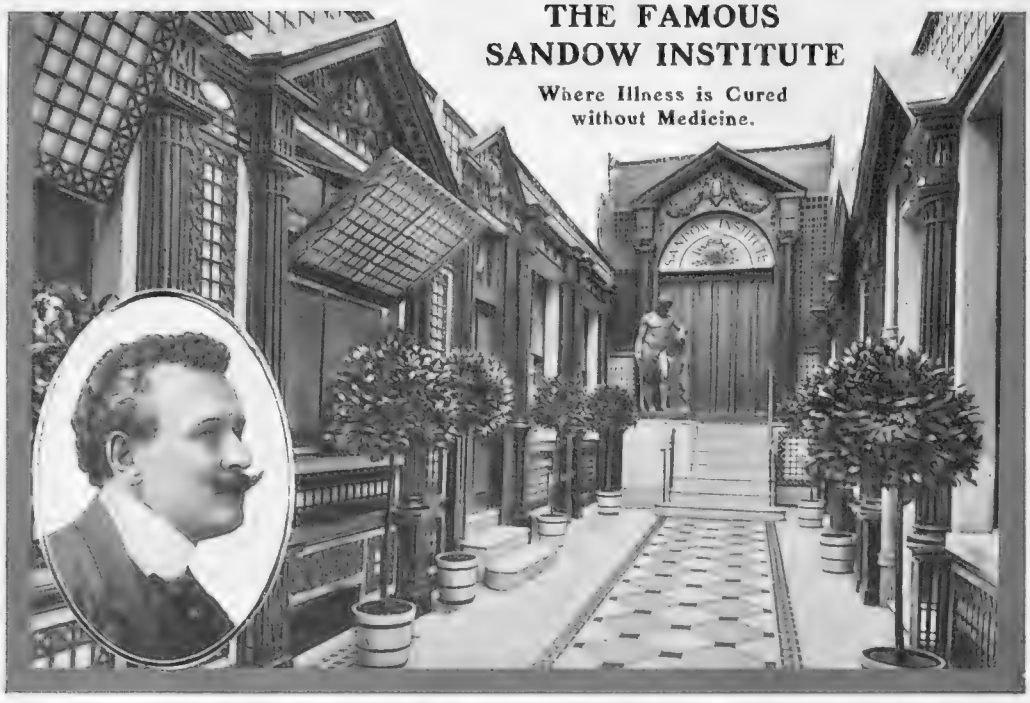

Mr. Eugen Sandow and his London Headquarters, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., where people in Search of Health Daily Visit the Pioneer of Curative Physical Culture to secure his advice and treatment.

ALTHOUGH it is doubtful if we shall ever obey the poet's injunction in its entirety and "throw physic to the dogs," for there are many illnesses which at present can only be treated medicinally, there is a decidedly increasing tendency to avoid drugs in cases where relief and cure can be brought about without their aid. This is by no means surprising when it is understood what a large and varied number of everyday ailments and complaints are amenable to simple exercise treatment as prescribed and practised by the pioneer of Curative Physical Culture, Mr. Eugen Sandow, at his Institute, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.

No Weight-Lifting or Strenuous Exertion

It is gratifying to learn that any form of treatment should be capable of dealing with such numerous and widely divergent forms of illness, for it has been proved beyond doubt that scientific exercise is equally successful in treating cases of nervous breakdown, even in its most acute stages, digestive disorder in all its varying degrees, kidney troubles, heart affections, liver complaint, obesity, lung and chest weaknesses, uric acid complaints, physical deformities, spinal curvatures, special ailments of women, and general physical deficiency. Mr. Sandow's uniform success in dealing with these by natural means—specially prescribed individual courses of scientific exercise—has amply proved that this method is the surest means of treating such illnesses for relief and permanent cure.

Equally gratifying is the fact that Curative Physical Culture is applicable to persons of both sexes and all ages, from the child of five to the man or woman of eighty and even eighty-five years of age. Any idea that it is associated with the lifting of heavy weights or involves strenuous exertion can be at once dismissed from the mind, for nothing could be further from the truth. The movements prescribed are most gentle in their nature, making strain an impossibility, and entailing no sense of undue fatigue; and it is because of this that the Sandow treatment is daily taken by weak men, frail women, and the most delicate children.

All Classes Affected

Persons in all classes of life and representative of all professions daily visit Mr. Sandow or write him to obtain his advice on their health, because they are aware that if their case is amenable to treatment by his method relief will be certain and cure lasting. The Society hostess, whose strength has been overtaxed by the demand of her social duties, the aspiring candidate for Parliamentary honours who needs every ounce of health he can possibly obtain to fight the cause he represents and carry out the arduous programme which has been set him; the busy professional man—doctor, author, journalist, actor, sculptor, and the like; the leaders in the world of commerce and finance—are all equally aware of the great value of good health, to which they find the surest, easiest, and most economical road is Curative Physical Culture.

All who are ill, or if not actually ill are not feeling quite as well as they would like to, can be confidently advised to consult Mr. Sandow, either calling upon him or writing to him, which they can do without incurring any charge or obligation to take treatment. To the latter will be forwarded, gratis and post free, a copy of the booklet dealing with the complaint on which advice is required from the list of the Sandow Health Library printed on this page, if they will write, mentioning this offer in THE BYSTANDER, to Mr. Sandow, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.

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TO BE LET, Unfurnished, a fine HOUSE, standing in a deer park of nearly 100 acres. Accommodation: entrance hall (30ft. 6in. high), 5 reception rooms, 16 principal and 10 servants' bedrooms; complete offices; stabling for 11 horses; tastefully arranged pleasure grounds. Rent low. Shooting might be had.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,410)

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£4,000 FOR THIS HOUSE WITH 42 ACRES.

IN A BEAUTIFUL PART OF SURREY.

25 MILES FROM LONDON.

THIS WELL-BUILT MODERN RESIDENCE for SALE. It contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; Company's water; good drainage; good grounds of about 6 acres. In addition there is a QUAINT OLD FARMHOUSE, together with about 45 ACRES of land, which would be SOLD for £3,300 if desired. The whole Property might be treated for, or the House with less land. — Apply, WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,342)

BASINGSTOKE AND FARNBOROUGH (between). — To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, the above charming old-fashioned COUNTRY RESIDENCE, adjoining a small picturesque town. 2 miles from a station, 1¼ hours from London. Carriage drive approach with 5-roomed lodge: 10 bed and dressing rooms, oak-panelled hall, billiard room, 3 other reception rooms, ample offices; stabling for 6; old walled kitchen garden, beautifully shaded lawns, tennis court, glasshouses, meadow-land, in all 10 acres; modern sanitation; gas laid on; hunting with 3 packs.—Apply to the Agents, Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,995)

PUTNEY HEATH AND WIMBLEDON COMMON (within easy reach of).—The above exceptionally attractive Freehold RESIDENCE, "Stone House," West Hill, to be SOLD, at a considerably reduced price, with secluded grounds of 3¾ acres, possessing valuable frontages for building purposes. First-class stabling, garage. Modern comforts, including electric light: 14 bed and dressing rooms, large handsome reception rooms; 7 minutes' walk from station; near Ranelagh, Hurlingham, and Roehampton Polo Grounds.—Recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,981)

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Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

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ESTATE AGENTS

ESSEX (within a short distance of INGATESTONE and CHELMSFORD).—To be LET, a well-built, nicely placed RESIDENCE, standing in

VERY GOOD GROUNDS OF 45 ACRES.

Tennis and other lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, meadow-land, etc.; lodge; stabling for 6; motor-house; large hall, 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good offices; all modern conveniences; house heated by radiators; hunting 3 packs.—Photos and full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 9,145)

700FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
COMMANDING
MAGNIFICENT EXTENSIVE VIEWS.

SUSSEX (Rotherfield and Crowborough District).—To be SOLD, the above exquisitely placed RESIDENCE, standing in exceedingly pretty grounds.

WOOD AND PASTURE-LAND OF 18 ACRES.

Lounge hall, 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, and good offices; stabling for 3 horses; 2 cottages, and bungalow; acetylene gas.—Inspected and recommended by Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

UNDER 2 MINUTES FROM SEA.

HOVE.—Exceptionally well-Furnished RESIDENCE to LET for 3 or 6 months or longer: 5 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; nice garden; best social district.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

MAGNIFICENT SPORTING ESTATE of some 3,000 ACRES to be SOLD.—The MANSION, which is splendidly placed in GRANDLY TIMBERED PARK and lovely grounds, is approached by 2 long carriage drives with lodge. Ample accommodation: over 20 bedrooms, suite of reception rooms, billiard room; EXTENSIVE STABLING, farmery, cottages.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

4,000 Pheasants. 1,000 Partridges. Inspected and Strongly Recommended.

HERTS.—(ONE HOUR OF LONDON).—To be SOLD.

MAGNIFICENT RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF 1,300 ACRES.

LOVELY OLD ELIZABETHAN MANSION,

with large lounge hall (60ft. by 50ft.), very lofty dining room (35ft. by 25ft.), drawing room, library, billiard room, morning, smoking, and gun rooms, 23 bedrooms, bathroom.

LODGE, DOWER HOUSE, about 20 COTTAGES.

Exceptionally good farm-buildings. Good stabling.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

AN IDEAL RESIDENCE FOR A CITY MAN.

£2,200 WILL PURCHASE an exceedingly attractive FREEHOLD PROPERTY in the best part of Sutton, on high ground: 3 reception, 6 bed, bath; grounds ¾ acre, 2 full-sized tennis courts; gas, electric light, and telephone installed. Or would be LET at £120 per annum.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (SR 1,744)

PRIVATE FRONTAGE AND LANDING STAGE.

COOKHAM-ON-THAMES.—Perfectly dry, very warm and comfortable Riverside RESIDENCE to LET by the year: 3 reception, 9 bed, 2 bath; stabling, beautiful grounds, tennis lawns, etc., nearly 5 acres.—Strongly recommended from personal knowledge by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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ADJOINING FAMOUS FALLS.

N. WALES COAST.—Exceptionally fine position, magnificent views of mountains.—To LET Furnished, almost any period, very Comfortable RESIDENCE, surrounded by own charming grounds of 9 acres: 14 bed, bath, 4 sitting rooms; stabling; capital fishing and shooting in district. Low terms as owner abroad.—Strongly recommended from personal knowledge by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

LAND'S END ONLY 10 MINUTES.

CORNWALL.—To LET Furnished, or SOLD with Furniture, well-built RESIDENCE, high on cliff: 11 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms. Fine sea fishing and bathing, 2 minutes' walk.—Lowest terms of the Agents. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

AN UNRIVALLED POSITION

ON WALTON HEATH GOLF LINKS.—To be SOLD, the above exceedingly picturesque RESIDENCE, in a lovely position overlooking the famous Walton Heath Golf Links, standing in EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS OF 3 ACRES, with tennis lawn, etc.; well away from road, approached by carriage drive: lounge hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 4 horses, coach-house or motor-house; picturesque cottage.—Strongly recommended by the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

700ft. Above Sea Level. Overlooking Golf Links. Immediate Inspection Advised.

30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.—To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, an attractive old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in beautifully timbered grounds. It is approached by a long avenue drive, with

PRETTY LODGE ENTRANCE.

The accommodation comprises: spacious hall, billiard room, 4 reception, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices, including housekeeper's room and servants' hall; ample stabling; 2 cottages; gravel soil; modern drainage; beautifully matured pleasure grounds, spacious lawns, flower beds, productive kitchen garden, orchard, and parklike meadow-land of about 30 acres.—Box K 3,942, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF WINDSOR FOREST.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, OR SOLD, a QUEEN ANNE MANSION, in a well-timbered park, enjoying views of exceptional beauty. The House is on sand soil, and contains: fine hall (37ft. by 23ft.), 4 reception rooms, 23 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 10 horses; extensive pleasure grounds and fine old parkland, in all 117 ACRES.—Box KF 1,301, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

£1,500 FOR A GENUINE JACOBEAN RESIDENCE (2½ hours from London; in a favourite district).—To be SOLD, Freehold, beautiful old HOUSE, with massive staircase and other characteristics. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, about 10 bedrooms, etc.; stabling and outbuildings; delightful old English garden and orchard, in all over 3 acres.—Box K 4,518, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

20 MINUTES NORTH OF LONDON.
RURAL SITUATION.
300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.
GOLF COURSE 10 MINUTES' WALK.

FOR SALE. Freehold, an attractive RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 31 acres. The Residence faces South, and is well away from the noise and dust of main roads: 2 halls, 4 reception rooms, large conservatory, 9 bed and dressing rooms (extra bedrooms could easily be added), 2 bathrooms, ample offices; Company's water laid on; stabling for 3, and small farmery; inexpensive pleasure grounds.—Box K 4,385, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

NORTH HAMPSHIRE. GOLF 1 MILE.
FAVOURITE DISTRICT ABOUT AN HOUR FROM TOWN.
14 ACRES. 11 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS. STABLING AND GARAGE.

TO BE SOLD, an attractive, moderate-sized RESIDENCE, in excellent order, in pretty grounds of 14 acres; church, village, and golf links 1 mile. Would be LET, Furnished.—Box K 4,418, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

400FT. UP. SAND ROCK SOIL.
ONLY £130 PER ANNUM.
ON THE EDGE OF ST. LEONARDS FOREST.

THREE BRIDGES AND BALCOMBE (between).—Lovely views. Easy reach of both main stations.

Lounge hall (17ft. 6in. by 14ft.), dining room (24ft. 6in. by 15ft. 6in.), drawing room (25ft. by 15ft.). Study, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath, offices. Stabling for 3, and coachman's quarters. Outbuildings.

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS,

with tennis and other lawns, kitchen garden, orchard, greenhouse, 2 meadows.

IN ALL ABOUT 8 ACRES.

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ON GRAVEL SOIL.—WALTON-ON-THAMES.—Semi-detached HOUSE, with established garden. Good drawing and dining rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, good kitchen and offices. Electric light, main drainage. £55 p.a.—Apply F. N. RECKITT, Ashley Wood Lodge, Crossway, Walton-on-Thames.

SITUATION WANTED.

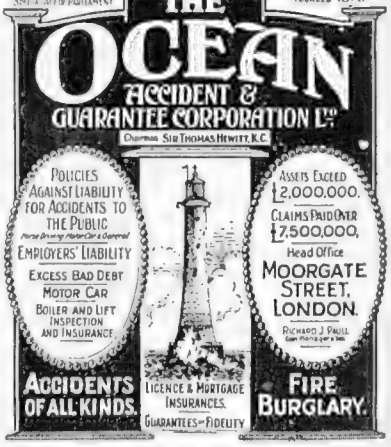
ADVERTISER (31), single, well educated, of good address, fond of country life, would like to get in touch with country gentleman or landed proprietor to negotiate for position of trust as Confidential Clerk or Secretary. Highest references as to business acumen and respectability.—Address, R 829, *Midland Counties Herald* Office, Birmingham.

INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED.

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS (first-rate golf course near, and few minutes from station with excellent service to Town).—For SALE, or possibly to be LET, a well-built modern HOUSE, with very

CHEERFUL AND SUNNY ASPECT.

4 excellent reception rooms, handsome conservatory, full-sized billiard room, and well-shut-off offices, 7 large bedrooms, bath, and dressing rooms, 2 servants' rooms. Company's water and gas. Capital stabling for 2, with man's room. Secluded and well-timbered grounds, with terrace and spacious tennis lawn, orchard, and kitchen gardens, paddock, etc.—Box HS 78, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.



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RIBBON
DENTAL CREAM

"Not Like Candy"

mothers say

because there is not a particle of sugar in it.

¶ Your children will delight in its flavour and use it freely, while their teeth will soon prove its wonderful efficiency as a cleanser and preservative.

¶ Disproves the theory that a *cleansing* dentifrice must be disagreeable to the taste.

"Milk teeth" are the foundation of adult teeth. They should and can be preserved with Colgate's.

Colgate's is especially desirable for children's delicate teeth, because it polishes without scratching, and cleans with perfect efficiency and antiseptic effect. Dentists endorse this dentifrice.

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LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH

Delicious—Antiseptic.

42 Inches of Cream in a Trial Tube sent for 2d. in stamps.

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BRINSMEAD

The name of Brinsmead on a piano is the highest possible guarantee of excellence that it is possible to secure.

It stands for the world's best—the piano perfect in scale, tone, touch, and tune.

We guarantee every material and every detail of construction in a Brinsmead, and behind our guarantee is the many years' record of our firm, established in 1837. We guarantee the best quality throughout. We guarantee durability, it is ensured by the most highly skilled workmanship. We guarantee a sweet, musical tone, which will never fail throughout the whole life of the piano. We guarantee that Brinsmead pianos contain all the latest improvements with the invention of which the name of Brinsmead is for ever associated.

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1910

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London Corset Co.

28 NEW BOND ST. W.

LADIES, PLEASE NOTE!

THE ANNUAL

Winter Sale

OF THE CELEBRATED

"LA SAMOTHRACE" CORSETS

WILL POSITIVELY CLOSE

JANUARY 29.

Amongst the many Bargains will be included—

Latest Models from Paris of Special Design, unobtainable elsewhere.

Samples of Special Make and odd pairs of the daintiest Fabrics of Satin, Silk and Cotton, Batiste, Brocade and Silk and Cotton Coutille, which, with the many Specialities of the Company, will be sold at reduced prices.

	Usual Price.	Sale Price.
Corset in Black or Fawn Coutille, with Blue Spots, including 2 pairs of Suspenders	10/11	9/11
Corset in Black or Fawn Coutille, with Blue Spots, with coloured silk outlining the seams, including 1 pair of Suspenders ..	15/11	14/5
Corsets in Striped or White Coutille	21/-	19/-
,, Brocaded Coutille ..	22/6	19/11
,, ,, ,, ...	37/9	34/-
,, Silk	30/6	27/6
,, ,, ...	42/-	37/9
,, ...	52/6	47/3
,, ...	58/9	53/-
,, ,, ...	63/-	57/-
,, ,, ...	73/6	67/6
,, White Coutille	17/11	16/3
,, Fawn, Black or White Coutille	25/-	22/6
,, Spotted Coutille	35/-	31/6
Elastic Corsets for special occasions	25/-	22/6
Ribbon Corsets, dainty and diversified	19/11	18/11
The famous Tricot Corsets, of which too much cannot be written, are reduced from	73/6	67/6
,, ,, ...	84/-	75/6

The Wear of all Corsets Guaranteed.

Corsets sent on approval, satisfactory references being given.

ALL BLOUSES, PETTICOATS, LINGERIE, and FANCY ARTICLES are subject to the same Reductions.

Frocks, Frills & Furbelows.

By MRS. JACK MAY

Never in the whole course of my fashion-chronicling have I felt less inclined to discuss clothes. For the moment this paramount interest is seriously dimmed by the political contest, which overshadows everything everywhere. As a mere woman, I am standing amazed before the avalanche of contradictory statements that are being poured in upon us by the superior sex of both views. Even my poor brain manages to see that actual facts are being blandly ignored in a feverish enthusiasm. And "Oh! dear, what will be the end of it?" Almost, one feels, any end will be welcome after this long unrest.

But what does strike me as strangely humorous is the twittering in favour of Socialism among luxuriously clothed, luxuriously living dames. Their point of view is so obviously relative. And, anyway, it would give me a good laugh, supposing the threatened communism romps in quickly, to see the attitude of these same ladies living under laws *côte-à-côte* with their late domestics. For myself, I confess I love as much luxury as I can possibly get, and since, like many, many other women, I have brought to something like a fine art the task of securing it, I venture to say I am several centuries ahead of my domestics in, firstly, the realisation of what constitutes luxury, and, secondly, in the possession of that—if you like—abstract quality, yclept personal magnetism, which creates a demand that irresistibly secures a supply.

In looking down the list of subjects submitted to my care this week I see, for my credit's sake, I am not to be allowed to ignore the subject of raiment altogether. At

Burberry's, 30-33, Haymarket, W.

There chances to be in progress a sale of rather exceptional character. Under any circumstances, Burberry's is an exceptional establishment, the controllers whereof are subject to few laws, save of their own making. Moreover, they have the spirit of progress very strongly developed, and are continually introducing not only new models, but fresh materials, consequently the *raison d'être* of an annual clearance stands out with peculiar clearness. Although, as it is pointed out, the individual character of a Burberry model places it outside the ordinary, a last year's production standing as attractive and desirable as ever. Still, there are limits to the capacity of even this spreading house, and as each season closes there is left the inevitable surplus that must be got rid of ere there occurs the influx of new inspirations.

A Rest Gown

Our original sketch illustrates one of those picturesque rest gowns of aluminium-grey velveteen, trimmed with chinchilla and oxidized silver. The tucked chemisette and sleevelets are of age-tinted lawn, the former completed by a filmy hand-embroidered collar

(Drawn by Kathleen Standage)

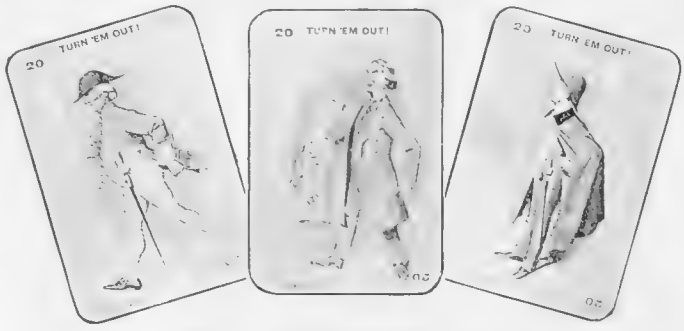
Burberry's sale usually continues throughout January and February, during which time a comparatively slight outlay secures a Burberry costume or top-coat, possessions not only of the most coveted order, but representing a genuinely sound investment.

An ideal sports' coat, fur-lined, deserves special mention, and these fur-lined wraps constitute one of the leading features of the present clearance. The reductions on these read like a Munchausen's tale. Models once costing anything from £40

to £60 have been dropped to £12, £15, and £20. These are all full-length wraps, extremely varied in character, some being covered with tweed, others with cloth, while several are fur on the outside, a striking example being expressed in moleskin worked in broad stripes.

Burberry's motor-coats are unrivalled, the most workmanlike wraps boasting certain artistic characteristics, the skirt portion being at the same time fashioned of sufficiently generous width to allow of the wearer pulling the front completely over the knees.

In connection with the sale a catalogue has been issued, in which are related the leading offerings with their original and sale prices. And this catalogue Burberry's are pleased to send to anyone making application at 30, Haymarket.



"Panko": The Votes for Women Game

This is an amusing round game for four, six, or eight players, and each of the forty-eight cards, which go to a pack, bear a caricature by Mr. E. T. Reed, of *Punch*. The object of the game is to collect a complete suit of six cards, and there are four suffragist suits and four anti-suffragist suits. The promoters of this good game are Messrs. Peter Gurney, Ltd., of Bream's Buildings, E.C.

Madame Soum, 138, Brompton Road

Of "Ceinture Gaine" fame, is holding a sale of her season's corset models, lingerie, and blouses. As the reductions are peculiarly drastic, it is impossible to allow credit, every purchase being accompanied by cash down. And this is a perfectly fair decision. A few pairs of the renowned "Fourreau" corset, slightly soiled, are to be sold at 49*s.* 6*d.*, while a "Tricot" corset — that does not stretch — is reduced from 3 guineas to 29*s.* 6*d.*, instances that amply verify the above assertion anent the reductions being drastic.

The French lingerie, always incredibly cheap here, is also subjected to the prevailing sale spirit, a hand-made nightdress, trimmed lace, coming out at 7*s.* 6*d.*, a rich hand-made and embroidered nightdress being reduced from 18*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* 6*d.* A visit to 138, Brompton Road will well repay those in zealous search of bargains, and doubtless many who have not yet made the acquaintance of the "Ceinture Gaine" will live to bless the day a bargain-spirit directed their footsteps to this English branch of a great French house.

An Ideal Sports' Coat

At Messrs. Burberry's 30-33, Haymarket, W.

A Perfected Cold Cream

In the days of our great-grandmothers, when the reputation of the stillroom rested as much on the purest productions of ointment and face washes as on jams and confections, there was no thought of impurities. But with the passing away of old-time customs there quickly arose to the surface all manner of manufactured impurities, even our own sacred cold cream falling into disrepute, thanks to the introduction of lead and bismuth into its composition.

We owe a debt of thanks, however, to Messrs. Daggett and Ramsdell, manufacturing chemists, of New York, for their production, which, in addition to its guaranteed purity, possesses a peculiar velvet-like smoothness never previously achieved, and the ingredients throughout being of the purest quality, it never, no matter how long it is kept, under any circumstances becomes rancid.

As a face massage emollient it could not be bettered, and in this particular connection Messrs. Daggett and Ramsdell have written a most interesting and illuminative treatise, entitled "The Finger of Time," which purveyors of the cold cream supply gratis. The great thing, when asking for Daggett and Ramsdell's cold cream, is to see that you get it, the English depôt, to which inquiries, if necessary, may be addressed, being Messrs. Mullen, Maclean and Co., London, E.C.

Literary Note

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish this week, at the price of 2*s.* net, a new novel by Mr. William Le Queux, entitled "Treasure of Israel." In it is revealed, by means of a remarkable cipher in the original Book of Ezekiel, the existence of which was recently discovered by a professor at the University of Abo in Finland, a mystery which has remained unsolved since the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar.

Beauty is skin-deep

Hence if you would be beautiful you must keep the skin of your face in perfect condition by using

DAGGETT AND RAMSDELL'S

Perfect Cold Cream.

Its creamy quality makes it delightful to use. An absolutely reliable specific prepared with scientific precision. It imparts coolness and freshness to the skin, removing all impurities, and keeping it soft and silky. Prevents premature wrinkling and counteracts the effects of hard water.

Jars 1/6, 2/-, 3/6, 6/3. Travellers' Tubes, 6d., 1/- & 2/-,

Obtainable of all principal Chemists and Stores. If unobtainable locally free sample on application to DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, Manufg. Chemists, 17 Charterhouse Bdgs., London, E.C.

All the most Beautiful Women use

CRÈME SIMON

(ENTIRELY FREE FROM GREASE)

FOR PREVENTING **WRINKLES,**

FOR RESTORING AND BEAUTIFYING THE **COMPLEXION**

it is unequalled.

Blotches, Chaps, Freckles, Redness, Roughness, Sunburn

disappear, as if by magic.

MOTORISTS FIND IT **INVALUABLE**

Price: 1/3, 2/6 and 4/- per Pot, 1/3 per Tube

Use also **POUDRE SIMON**

REFINED, DELIGHTFUL, ABSOLUTELY PURE.

J. SIMON, 59, Faubourg Saint-Martin, PARIS.

Of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers and Stores.

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PINE WOOL PREPARATIONS.

Awarded 20 Medals and Diplomas.

	From
Pine Needle Oil	1/1½
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To be obtained at all Chemists and Druggists.

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LOOK FOR THE PATENT RUBBER BUTTON

Will not Tear the Socks.

The Acme of Comfort.

The Height of Perfection.

Cotton, plain or check, 1/- pair.

Silk, plain elastic, 2/- pair.

By post, 1d. extra.

L. & R. WOODERSON,

(Under the Tree),

122-124, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

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How to Help Hungry Men, Women, and Children.

SEE THE "DAILY GRAPHIC."

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R.M.S. DUNOTTAR CASTLE.

£12 12 0

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£26 5 0

PALESTINE, EGYPT, CONSTANTINOPLE, GREECE, March 3.

SECRETARY, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

ROSES

Sales by Auction every Monday and Wednesday.

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STEVENS' AUCTION ROOMS,

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ESTABLISHED 1760.

EVERY TOILET TABLE

Should possess ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL—the oil which is next to that which NATURE provides for the PRESERVATION of the HAIR. The loss of the Natural oil causes the hair to become dry and to fall off.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL Preserves, Nourishes, Restores and Enriches the Hair. May be had in a Golden Colour for fair hair. Sizes 3/6, 7/-, 10/6. Of Stores, Chemists, and ROWLANDS, 67, Hatton Garden, London. Insist on having

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL.

Your throat needs some protection from winter fogs, damp, and chills, especially at night, after the theatre or dance. The best and most stylish article for the purpose is the "Phoenix Muffler." It clings close to the throat, without hitching up behind. The most convenient form of muffler ever invented, can be put on and taken off in a twinkling by means of a patent snap fastener.

Made in white and colours, and in all sizes for ladies and gentlemen. Price 2/- of all Drapers and Hosiers.

Agents—

A. Merchant & Co., 7, Fore Street, London, E.C. who supply wholesale houses only

PHOENIX MUFFLERS

The Menu: A NICE VARIETY OF PUDDINGS AND SWEETS

Caramel Pudding
Chestnut Cream
Chocolate Soufflé
Gateau of Rhubarb
Pear Salad
Coffee Cream

Caramel Pudding

Put ½lb. of raw sugar (black is best) in a stewpan, with one tablespoonful of water, and boil until it begins to burn; then pour it into a mould and let it run round the sides and bottom. When the sugar is set, make a custard with four eggs, a pint of milk, sugar, and flavouring (vanilla for choice), pour into the mould and stand in a saucepan of boiling water (the mould must be covered with paper and the water should reach about half-way up the mould), then draw the saucepan to the side and let it steam, but not boil, for about two hours.

Chestnut Cream

This is a delicious sweet, and is composed of Spanish or Italian chestnuts (the latter are the best) boiled and pressed through a sieve, then mixed with a liberal supply of grated Chocolat Menier. Place this in a glass dish and spread over it a thin layer of thick cream; now cover the surface with little divisions of carefully peeled sweet oranges, overlap them neatly, and just before serving sprinkle over with grated chocolate. The slightly acid flavour of the orange gives a charming relief to the mixture of chocolate and chestnut. I recommend my readers to give this dish a trial. It must not be made *wet* with cream or its charm will be lost.

Chocolate Soufflé

Mix a small tablespoonful of corn flour with a gill of milk; add 2oz. of white sugar and 2oz. of butter. Stir over the fire until it boils. When cool, stir in the yolks of three eggs and 1oz. of grated chocolate. Mix all together till quite smooth; beat up the whites to a stiff froth and stir into the mixture, put in a soufflé-tin or dish and bake it in a slow oven for forty minutes.

Gateau of Rhubarb

Take 1lb. of forced rhubarb and cut it into lengths, put them into a stewpan with half a pint of water, the peel of a lemon, and the juice strained, with 3oz. of sugar. Let it boil till the rhubarb is soft, stirring occasionally; pass all through a hair sieve. Have 1oz. of gelatine melted in half a gill of water, which must be stirred into the rhubarb purée; put in a few drops of cochineal and pour it into the mould. Time to boil the rhubarb, about fifteen minutes.

Pear Salad

Open a tin of Bartlett pears, arrange some of them carefully on a dish, sift castor sugar over them; take some of the syrup, flavour it with a liqueur glassful of maraschino, and pour it over the fruit; into the stalk end of each pear stick a small strip of angelica, and with a little carmine tint a bit of each pear, using very little so that the syrup is not coloured; if preferred, the dish may be garnished with preserved cherries.

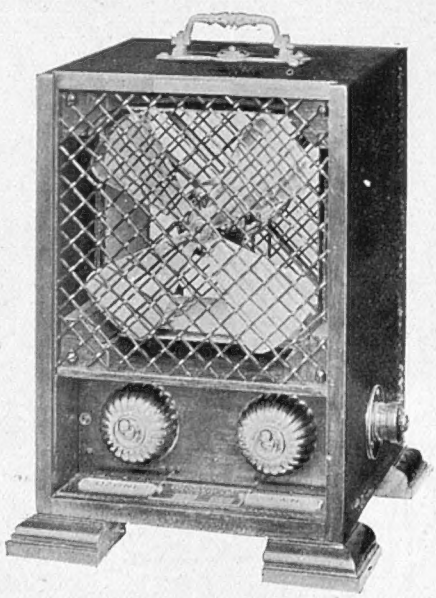
Coffee Cream

Half a pint of cream, one gill of strong coffee, one gill of milk, the yolks of three eggs, one white, and 2oz. of sugar. Make a custard with the coffee, milk, and eggs, and strain it into a basin. Melt the gelatine with a little coffee, strain it into the custard. Whip the cream and stir this in. When the cream is just beginning to set, turn it into the mould and leave it to set.

EMILIA.

The Ozonair System of Ventilation

We have always associated health-giving ozone with the seaside or the open country, and it seems wonderful that we should enjoy breathing it in smoky London, or, indeed, any other town. But this, indeed, the Ozonair System of Ventilation enables us to do. Now, in the first place, what is ozone? It is simply concentrated oxygen, and its principal sources in nature are the electric discharges during thunderstorms and the evaporation of sea-water. When present in the atmosphere ozone plays a most important part in keeping the air pure and fresh. It is possessed of a very powerful smell, but if diluted to the strength as used for such purposes as ventilation, etc., it has a most agreeable and refreshing odour, similar to that met with at the seaside, while it is the most powerful sterilizing agent known. Half the ills the body is heir to are caused by stuffy, unventilated rooms, and ventilation by ozone is invaluable. This ventilation can be carried out either with a current of ozonised air circulating in a continuous manner or by having fixed in the room one of the numerous types of small generators which the Ozonair Company manufacture. One ozoniser will in a few moments purify the atmosphere of a room. Ozone generators of large capacity can be obtained for places where the atmosphere is vitiated by the congregation of large numbers of people, or where the air is confined, and ozone is of special benefit in such places as private houses, hotels, shops, offices, churches, schools, theatres, factories, and all places of public assembly. Ozone is beneficially employed in many other directions, and Ozonair, Ltd., manufacture an apparatus for medical and surgical purposes, water sterilization and purification, food preservation, etc. The Ozonair System consists briefly in drawing the air supply from as clean and pure a source as possible and removing smuts and other solids. The cleaned air is then passed into a mixing chamber, where it is purified and sterilized by means of ozone. It is also enriched by a minute quantity of pure ozone, which gives it the invigorating character of the air at the seaside and on mountain tops. It is then distributed by means of ducts, etc., to the various parts of the building. The Ozonair apparatus is in use in all parts of the world, and installations have been recently carried out at, among others, Cranston's Hotels, Ltd., Lloyd's, His Majesty's Theatre, D. H. Evans, Ltd., of Oxford Street. Ozonair, Ltd., have gained numerous awards, which include a gold medal at the Crystal Palace in 1906, the Grand Prix, Diplome D'honneur, and four gold medals at the Franco-British Exhibition, 1908, and the great silver medal from the Russian Ministry of Commerce and Industry. Full particulars and prices of the Ozonair apparatus may be obtained from the Company's offices and showrooms at 96, Victoria Street, S.W.

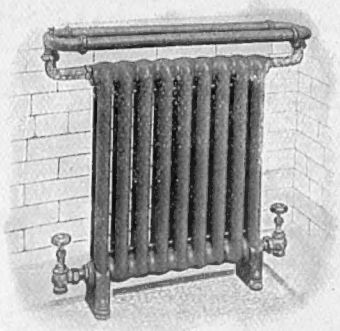


The Ozonair Ventilating Apparatus

Patent Brass Towel Rail and Cast-Iron Radiator for Bathrooms, Lavatories, &c. &c.,

CAN BE FIXED TO ANY HOT-WATER APPARATUS.

The width of the Radiator proper is 4¾in., but over the Towel Rail it is 8¾in., and the Towel Rail adds 11 5-8in. to the length for each size. The Towel Rail can be supplied Nickel Plated, and the Radiator can be made Rustless.



Made in 9 to 18 sections, the 9 sections measure 1ft. 11 3-8in. over the Radiator proper, and each extra section adds 2 9-16in. Made by

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"Sanitas" OIL.

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CURES, WHILE YOU SLEEP,

ASTHMA, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS.

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"SANITAS OIL," 1/- and 4/- Bottles.
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"SANITAS SOLUBLE OIL" (for Pine Baths), 1/- and 4/- Bottles.
"SANITAS PASTILLES," 1/- Tins.
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—GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

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RED WHITE & BLUE

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In making use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

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Their Rink Skates are guaranteed to stand up to the test. The only rational conclusion to draw from these TWO FACTS is that

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Awarded "GRAND PRIX" 1908.

For "The Royal Primrose Soap."

Extract from "The Times," Friday, November 19th, 1852.

PRIMROSE SOAP.

JOHN KNIGHT'S PRIMROSE SOAP.

This celebrated SOAP, which, for its extreme sweetness and pureness, obtained the Prize Medal at the late Exhibition, Hyde Park, possesses all the properties of cleansing, with the agreeable emolliency of a fancy soap, is to be had of most respectable oilmen and grocers at the same price as the ordinary common yellow soap is sold for. Please to observe the word "Primrose" with the name and address—JOHN KNIGHT, York Place, Old Gravel Lane St. George's East, stamped on each bar

Awarded "GRAND PRIX" 1908.

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SEND 6 PENNY STAMPS TO DEPT. "B," FOR A SAMPLE BOX CONTAINING 6 SPECIAL TABLETS, POST FREE.

JOHN KNIGHT, Ltd., Soap Makers to H.M. the King, **The Royal Primrose Soap Works, LONDON.**

The Editor's Box

"Cinderella" at Croydon

At the Grand Theatre, Croydon, *Cinderella* is being performed again this week, and Miss Molly McIntyre is to be seen in the name-part. It is not too much to say that this clever actress is almost entirely responsible for the success of the pantomime. She makes an ideal Cinderella, and couples a delightful voice with a fascinating manner. Mr. Ralph Roberts as the Baron is distinctly good at times, but does not always succeed in carrying his audience with him.

King's Theatre

The King's Theatre, Hammersmith, pantomime, *Humpty-Dumpty*, is one of the best in the suburbs. The stars engaged are worthy of the name, and the result is a rare feast of fun and fancy. Miss Ray Wallace, Miss Edna Morgan, Mr. J. F. McArdle, and Mr. Stratton Mills work splendidly and harmoniously. The singing is always good, and the chorus pretty and energetic.

Broadway Theatre

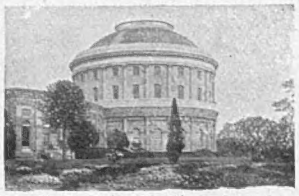
The House that Jack Built at the Broadway is still pursuing its successful career. There are full houses at every performance, and the pantomime looks like proving a record-breaker.

Outer Suburbia

An interesting book has just been published by the Homeland Association on "Outer Suburbia and Beyond." The book is devoted to a brief, but comprehensive, account of the various residential areas of the south-western district from ten to forty miles out, *i.e.*, the region not yet reached by the trams. All sorts of useful information is given, such as details of the soil, rents, local rates, lighting, water, religious, educational, and recreative facilities. Some of the most delightful parts of Surrey are dealt with in this book, Virginia Water, Haslemere, Farnham, and Woking for instance, and free copies can be had on application to the Homeland Association, 15, Bedford Street, Strand, or at the following offices of the London and South Western Railway Company: 30, Regent Street, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross, Arthur Street, West, and the season-ticket office, Waterloo Station.

Electric Lighting of Country Houses

No country house should be without electric light, and Messrs. Drake and Gorham, Ltd., of 66b, Victoria Street, S.W., and of Manchester and Glasgow, will fit houses with their latest system of lighting at an initial cost of from



"Ickworth," Bury St. Edmunds, belonging to the Marquis of Bristol, which has been fitted with Electric Light by Messrs. Drake and Gorham

£130, the running expenses being from £10 per annum. Some installations they now have in hand are for the Earl of Suffolk at Charlton Park, Malmesbury, Lady Ela Russell, Chorley Wood House, Rickmansworth, and the Drill Hall, Erith.

The Values of Old Envelopes

Many of the old issues of British stamped envelopes are now of great rarity, and one never knows when one is going to light upon a treasure in this way. A most valuable catalogue and guide is published in the 1910 edition of the "Stamp Collectors' Annual" (1*s.* net.: C. Nissen and Co., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.), which should be of great assistance to collectors. The "Annual" also contains new details regarding forgeries of British stamps, auction prices for rare specimens, and a mass of other matter of importance to philatelists.

Prince of Wales's Theatre

Mr. Monckton Hoffe is at work on a new play for Mr. Charles Hawtrey, but in consequence of the continued success of *The Little Damozel* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, it is not likely to be required until the autumn.

A Handsome Diary

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company have issued a handy pocket diary and calendar for 1910, enclosed in a handsome leather wallet. The diary contains a series of maps and reproductions of the flags of the countries served by the R.M.S.P. steamers, together with the history of the Company since its incorporation by Royal Charter in 1839.

A New Soap

A new soap, which is already becoming very popular, is called "Pumilave." It is made, among other things, of a very special refined and pulverised pumice-stone, and has all the advantages of this material as well as of soap in removing ink, dye, iron-rust, tobacco, fruit, and other stains, as well as cleaning the hands. It lathers as does ordinary soap, and while principally used for the hands, it is equally desirable for the teeth. Then, again, it is used for cleaning fine marble and many other purposes. "Pumilave" is sold at 2*d.* the cake, or 6*d.* the box of three cakes, and can be obtained at practically any chemist, grocers, or stores.

Gold Medal Award

The Pacific Steam Navigation Company have been awarded the grand diploma and the gold medal at the Exposition de Santiago de Compostella (Spain) for the exhibit of a model of their new liner, *Orcoma*. This vessel, 12,000 tons, is the largest ship which has yet sailed through the Straits of Magellan.

Karswood Creosote

To cure influenza, sprinkle a few drops of Karswood Cresote on your pillow at night. This simple remedy is infallible for colds, coughs, asthma, bronchitis, etc. 1*s.* 1½*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, or 4*s.* 6*d.*, sprinkler top bottles.—E. G. Hughes, Chem., 17, Deansgate, Manchester.

"THE PREMIER FOOD" OF ITS CLASS.

This is what the "Medical Times" (June 26, 1909) says of

PLASMON OATS

The finest oats grown in Scotland, combined with Plasmon—no husk, no fibre, require only 4 minutes' boiling—

6d. per packet.

Sir J. C——, M.D., writes "They are SIMPLY MAGNIFICENT, and I have porridge made from them every morning."

PLASMON COCOA

The *Lancet* says "Plasmon increases the food value enormously." 9d. per tin.

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Reading of your life from chart to advertise my success. Rub stove black or ink on the thumbs, press on paper; send with birth-date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1/- for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you and stamped envelope.

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Dr. Cooper, M.R.C.S.: "The accuracy with which he reads your past and future is startling. One fancies that if he had the advice of such a faithful guno in the early part of one's career, much of the disappointment might be avoided."

Clifton Bingham writes: "Mysterious is all I can say of your marvellously correct review of my life and present position."

A professional man writes: "YOU ASTONISH AND HELP."